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Poetry.

BABYKIN BOYKIN.

(A Nonsense Rhyme.)

Did the Baskety woman a-sweeping the sky
Discover the Babykin there?
Did she tumble him down from his nest on high
Through all of the sky-blue air?
Did she find there was never a room to spare
In the toe of her sister's shoes?
Surely that was enough to scare
The Babykin Boykin Boo!

Did the moony man give him half a crown
And tell him he'd better be born?
And with Jacky and Jill was he tumbled down
One summery, shiny morn?
Or did Babykin Boykin come to town
On a cow with a crumpledy horn?
Did the Babykin lie on her back asleep
On a mattress of genuine hair?
And did Simon the Simple and Little Bopeep
Come skipping along to the fair?
Did they blatantly blow a terrible blare
On the horn of the Little Boy Blue,
To wake him up with an awful scare?
Poor Babykin Boykin Boo!

But if Babykin Boykin now will stay,
We'll feed him on victuals and drink,
And the Muffety maiden will give him some whey
And a pat of her curds, I think.
And the toes of the Banbury dame shall play
And her finsery bells go "chink!"
And the hey-diddle cow shall jump in the air
As high as she used to do.
Oh, dear me! but she must not scare
Our Babykin Boykin Boo!
—J. Edmund V. Cooke.

BEHIND THE HILL.

I think I know a path
We two might go together;
It turns not up the strath,
Nor crosses by the heather.

It bends not to the north,
Where burns the beacon star;
It leads not sunward forth
Where the rose and swallow are.

No winds of March discover
The early violet there;
The pewit and the plover
Stir not the darkling air.

For it lies behind the hill
Where noonday is as night,
Where the loudest bird is still
And the reddest rose is white.

Not here for us, I know,
Again the golden weather;
But there, I think, we'll go
In the dreamless dusk together.
—Margaret Armour, in Black and White.

THE BLIND WEAVER.

A blind boy stood beside the loom
And wove a fabric. To and fro
Beneath his firm and steady touch
He made the busy shuttle go.

And oft the teacher passed that way
And gave the colors thread by thread;
But by the boy the pattern fair
Was all unseen. Its hues were dead.

"How can you weave?" we pitying cried;
The blind boy smiled. "I do my best;
I make the fabric firm and strong,
And one who sees does all the rest."

Oh, happy thought! beside life's loom
We blindly strive our best to do,
And He who marked the pattern out,
And holds the threads, will make it true.
Beth Day in Youth's Companion.

Miscellany.

FOR GOLF AND LACROSSE.

An Outing Dress of Worsted Makes the Most Suitable Wear.

Every woman has outing dresses. She includes them in her summer wardrobe as religiously as she adds the shirt-waist. Nor is she indiscriminate in her outing selections. Each gown is designed for this or that game. Lacrosse and golf dresses are much the same when intended for practice wear, and for these there are good, serviceable materials.

English worsted makes a good outing dress. Its best shade is the pale gray

ENGLISH WORSTED FOR LACROSSE.

worn by the Wales Princesses so much. Make the skirt up without a lining and face it deeply with the worsted material. The only trimming needed is machine-stitching, put on in chain or embroidery stitch. This should be in rows. The rows should be very near together at the foot of the skirt and gradually widen until near the waist. Fifteen rows are not too much. Under the skirt is worn a petticoat of silk, which must be carefully matched for fraying in the hard work it gets. The skirt is made as full as the dress skirt. Many people fasten the two together at the belt to give a lining to the outing skirt.

A dark gray sweater is worn with this skirt, and it must be large enough to roll back well at throat and hands and wrist, so that when the player is resting it can be unrolled for warmth. The skirt comes to the shoe tops and is worn with gaiters. The shoes are rough leather, not tennis shoes.

Had Faith in the Scriptures.

A colored man, past middle age, but active and polite of manner, approached the captain of one of the lake boats, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I sh'stain," he said, "dat you alls is lookin' fob er man ter help out on you all's boat."

"Yes. Have you ever had any experience on the water?"

"No, suh. I dist come ter dis paht er de country, an' I ain' much on navigatin'. But I's a powful good cook, an' I reckon I kin cook dist ez good on watah ez I kin on land, ef I gits de chance."

"Well, I guess we can give you a place, if that's the case. We'll have your abilities tested to-morrow, and if you suit you can come along."

"Thanky, suh. Thanky berry much, indeed. But dah is dist one question dat I'd like fur ter ask yer."

"What is it?"

"Hab yoh boat got two masts oh three masts?"

"It has three masts; but I don't see how that can concern you."

"Hit doan seem ter concern me none, suh. But ef yoh boat wus er two master, suh, I couldn't go wif yer, much ez I needs de sitivation."

"Why not?"

"Cas' de Good Book done pervent it, suh. I'se done yeard de minister read it over an' over agin, dat no man kin serve two masters, an' ef yoh ship wus er two master, suh, I'd er hatter han' in mer resignation befoh I done got hired."

THE VENERABLE QUEEN.

Her Income, Collections, Fads and Superstitions.

Victoria has found queenhood a very profitable calling, according to the Boston Advertiser. Figures for fifty-seven years reign show that the British people have given her under the name of civil list expenditures $110,275,000. In addition to this vast total, $48,676,765 has been expended for the maintenance of seventeen royal residences, stables and the like. The total direct expenditure of the Queen alone is $154,951,765, or over 1,800,000 a year. There is at this date an annual expenditure in addition for other members of the royal family of $1,390,000. The thrifty old lady who has this vast income at her disposal has taken care to "make hay while the sun shines." Of course, the money has been voted to enable her to keep up the ornamental state considered necessary for a royal position. But it is just this she does not do. A peculiar fact in illustration of her prudence is seen in the non-probating of her husband's will. He is known to have left a large fortune. The English treasury has never been increased by the legacy tax due from the estate of "Albert the Good," who should have been named Albert the Prudent. It has been commonly considered in Great Britain as a matter of good policy for the monarch not to be the owner of private estates. Victoria, besides valuable continental property, is the owner of three estates in the United Kingdom. They are Balmoral, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland; Osborne House, Isle of Wight, Hampshire, and Charlemont, Surrey. They embrace 5,561 acres, with a rental value a year of $27,805. At twenty years' purchase that would be $556,100. In fact, they are worth double that amount.

Queen Victoria, they say, has her little superstitions. She believes that articles made by blind persons bring good luck; that spilling salt brings bad luck; and she would probably not give sixpence for her kingdom if by any untoward chance thirteen persons happened to sit at the royal dining table. She has her pet dislikes, too, and among these is a hearty detestation of nicknames; another is one sympathy as to the smell of furs, particularly of sealskins.

She wears three rings which she has never removed—her wedding ring, a little enamel ring with a small diamond center, which the Prince Consort gave her when she was only 16 years old, and her engagement ring, which is in the form of a serpent of emeralds. She wears also a bracelet from which is suspended I dare not say how many little locklets. How many grand and great-grandchildren has she? Well, the number is the number of the locklets, and the locklets keep increasing.

A collection of photographs which is probably the largest in Europe, and undoubtedly the most interesting, is possessed by the Queen, and distributed among her various homes. Her Majesty has often lent paintings from her several castles for public exhibition. If her photographic collection could be exhibited it would attract widespread attention, and would be one of the most interesting features of a London season. The collection dates back from the very birth of photography, and it comprises portraits, landscapes, views of historic landmarks, and of most of the principal events of the Victoria era. It is a collection that will in the future be of immense utility, as it is now of great value.

"BICYCLE TEETH."

Queer Complaint That Bothers Philadelphia Riders.

It may be something peculiar to the Eastern climate, to the dust of the Eastern roads, or to some peculiarity about th Eastern method of riding, but the fact remains that down Philadelphia way bicycle riders are in large numbers affected by what the dentists call "receding gums." The offices of the dentists, according to a Philadelphian's tale, are overrun with wheelmen and wheelwomen who want to know what is the matter with their teeth. They complain that they have more and more exposed ivory surface for every day that they live, and that unless some remedy is speedily found they will all either soon be fang-toothed, or will lose molars, incisors, and canines altogether.

The story goes that it took the dentists a long time to find out that the complaints came only from riders of the wheel. They put two and two together, and have put a peremptory stop to the riding of wheels in the Quaker City until they can evolve a remedy for bicycle teeth.

Chicago dentists laugh at the story, and say that if there are such things as bicycle teeth in Philadelphia they constitute the only thing in which the Quaker City is ahead of Chicago, and they add that they don't believe they ride fast enough in Philadelphia to injure any part of the anatomy.—Chicago Tribune.

HIS LOT AN EASY ONE.

But the Pestered Butler Couldn't See It That Way.

A butler, who had been twenty-five years in the same family, went one morning to his master, and said that he wanted to leave, says the Weekly Telegram. The master, much astonished, asked what his reason was.

"Do you want your wages raised, John?"

"No, sir."

"Is it the food that you're complaining of?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"I'd rather not say, sir."

"Now, John," said his master, losing his patience, "you've been a long time in my employ, and I insist upon your telling me."

"Well, sir," said the butler finally, "if you must know, it's all along of the missus. It's nag, nag, nag from morning to night, and I can't stand it any longer."

His master sighed, and then said solemnly, "John, go upstairs to your bedroom, lock the door and then go down upon you're bended knees and thank heaven that you're not married to her!"

Woman's Way.

"What is it, Mary?"

"It's a boy, mum, with a telegraft."

"A telegram! Oh, ask him if James is killed."

"He says he doesn't know, mum."

"Ask him what he does know about it."

"He says all he knows about it is that it's for you, mum."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? Oh, my poor James. I just know something would happen to him before he went away this morning. Will they bring him home on a stretcher, Mary?"

"I s'pose so, mum. Maybe you'd better read the telegraft."

"I can't. I can't. Oh, it serves me right for not kissing him three times when he left. And we've been married such a short time, too."

"Why don't you open the telegraft, mum?"

"Well, I suppose I must; but, oh, I can't tell how I dread it."

Reads telegram:—"Will bring friend home to dinner.—James."

"Oh! the heartless wretch."—London Press.

The Difference.

The plump girl in hot weather breathes very fast, gets excited and does many unaccountable things. Now, the other girl—the thin one—why, she just remains as cool as a cucumber and says:—"More cream, please," without ever thinking whether you have got a Canadian dime or a plugged nickel in your pocket.—Philadelphia Item.

Something New.

Hoax—I've got a great scheme for warm weather.

Loax—Let's have it.

Hoax—I'm going to have a small boy near me sharpening slate pencils. It always makes my blood run cold.—Philadelphia Record.

HOGARTH'S NEWEST LINE OF BEAUTY.

IN DECOLLETTE WAIST, BEAUTY'S DEVOTEE SITS UPON A STOOL FOR "ROUNDING" EXERCISE.

Five Minutes Three Times a Day Without Corset Upon a Stationary Bicycle—Getting the Ideal Trim Waist.

There was a knock at the door of the beauty specialist's private parlors.

"Come in," said she, "but don't ask me to turn around. Be seated. I can hear you and I can talk standing. I was expecting you and wanted you to see me at work."

"At work?" queried the interviewer timidly. "Why, you are looking out of the window."

"But I am working just the same. I am practicing the back strengthening exercise, and I must do it standing. I want to see how long I can maintain this back position.

"Now you see I am started upon some new crank of beauty. But if you doubt the goodness and efficacy of this, my new cure—the beautification of the back—I will invite you here to the window. See, here comes my latest pupil in back beautification. She has come in from her country place to take a lesson. Now watch her get out of her carriage. She merely touches the sleeve of the footman lightly, and, behold! what a lovely carriage of the back she maintains."

Sure enough, from the carriage, in front of the modest apartment house stepped a girl whose graceful figure and lovely bearing would have won the way anywhere without her pretty face.

"She will not come in here," said the beauty specialist. "She will take her preliminary exercise in another room. She knows what the preliminary exercise is. Then she will be ready for another lesson. This makes her twelfth lesson. Twelve lessons complete the course.

"You will notice, if you are interested in beauty," said the specialist, "how few women have a good back. The defect in their makeup lies there. Their shoulders are too high, if not uneven, or they slope forward or lean back, throwing out the bust too much. Or the back is flat, and there is an ugly, broad look to the belt. That is what makes the shirt waist unpopular with some women, because it gives them such a homely waist line at the back.

"That can all be remedied, but it must be done by rounding the back. You will tell me I have just criticised a round back. But I did not. I criticised round shoulders. The two are different. A round back means a round waist, and if a woman has a round waist she is pretty sure of a good figure.

"To tell you what I mean. I have a stout woman who comes here for the beautifying of her back. Her waist measure is 30 inches. And she cannot lace. By the time I get through with her that waist measure will appear to be only 25 inches. I shall not materially reduce the waist, but I shall make it round and it will look small. I have even padded small, flat waists until they look round, because roundness at the waist line takes off four inches every time.

"To make the back take on its first curve of beauty the shoulders must be lowered. The pictures of the famous beauties show those low, sloping shoulders. To be sure, sleeve puffs neutralize this a little, but only slightly. In fact, I have hesitated whether they did affect the general shape at all. They are merely a pretty broadening of the shoulders.

"A stiff-backed, awkward, poor-figured woman must begin the low-shoulder exercise. Let her take her place upon a stool without a back and lift the shoulders as high as possible. Then lower them. After she has done this a dozen times, she will find that she can lower the shoulders an inch below their usual level. Let her practice this until she can bring the shoulders well down into a pleasing slope. This makes the muscles supple, and, insensibly, she will have a slope from neck to arm which will become more and more pronounced as she continues to practice this exercise.

"Now she wants to get the muscles of the back strong. This she must do by sitting upon a stool for five minutes at a time, without her corsets on. Mind you, I believe in corsets, but when you are going to train the back you must give it exercise. For a while this unsupported position for five minutes at a time, three times a day, is as much as any woman can endure. If her back aches the third day let her rest for a day without this exercise. It is the hardest of all.

"Now we give the bending back motion. This must be done with the greatest caution. I should say three back bends night and morning, as far back as is comfortable, would be enough for two weeks. Then there comes the systematic back bending, which gives absolute grace to the body. A woman who can throw her body backward from the waist line until her shoulders and back are at right angles with the body is bound to be a model of grace. Each movement of the back is as supple as a kitten at play.

"Now comes the motion which is easy and does great things for the back. It is to straighten the arms out and bring them back to the body. Let the palms of the hands slap the body right under the arms and as high as possible. This lifts the shoulders, straightens the back, and gives a long full breath. Weak hearts become strong by this exercise.

"I believe in doing things slowly; slow and sure is my motto. In fact my patrons are all society people and if I were to put them through a tortuous process they would desert me. Their bodies are delicate, too, and I must work easily with them. Therefore I never begin with over six motions at a time. Many of my lessons are a full hour long, but with ten minutes between each exercise. After a woman has stretched out her arms and slapped herself upon the body under the arms I allow her to rest ten minutes before doing it again.

"The rotary motion is very good for back and hip development. Your angular women should gently take the rotary motion every day, a minute at a time. It consists in swinging round upon the hips. It is hard and will give an ache in one's weakest spot unless carefully done. I have given it up unless in very thin, scrawny cases; then it is worth the trouble.

"It is not good practice to touch the elbows behind you. It hollows the back. Better to touch the fingers above the head. If I had a thin, angular back I should pad it by touching my hands together above my head 20 times a day with intervals between.

"The last motion I can give for rounding the back is done with the pressure of the hands. You have seen servant girls stand with the hands upon the hips pressing the waist in. Well, that very movement, done without corsets, almost insures a round waist. It presses the ribs in place, and develops the muscles around the spinal column. That is one of my best exercises, and the young lady in the other room will take it up to-day with instructions to continue it for several weeks to come.

"You want to know what exercise she is taking now; for I said she would immediately begin an exercise in the other room. You will laugh when I tell you. She is sitting upon a bicycle in front of a mirror and is watching herself as she moves her arms. Her back is so strong that she can sit unsupported all day, and so round that it needs no more rounding. But she must learn to keep it as it is. She will do the arm movements with back unsupported in front of mirror by and by. Now she is working a stationary wheel. It will give her good lung power, and that means roundness at the sides.

"If you were to take a look in there you would be still more surprised. You would see her in evening waist doing the exercises.

"All my pupils take their lessons in evening waist, cut decollete in the back. With a high waist they cannot practice and I cannot observe. My first rule is to come here in evening bodice. They see the good sense of it at once. All their lessons are taken in it, with the result that at the last lesson they discard the corset and find the waist is round.

"I advise the corset, but my business is to change the contour of the back and to strengthen it, and that I must do without aid from artificial bones and ribs.

"All about making the back beautiful. There you get beyond my art to that of the complexion specialist. Yet I do prescribe for my patrons. To make the body pink and beautiful, like that of the throat, leave it exposed to the air as much as possible. The thin summer waists help us a great deal, but for all that the woman who is going to shine in society and be noted for her beautiful decollete advantages must spend an hour every day with her back exposed to the air, and even to the sun. If she has a cycle at home let her ride through her parlor and hallways.

"But my five-minute bell has rung twice, and that means that my patient has wheeled her five minutes upon the bicycle twice and is getting impatient to dismount."

"MY PUPILS TAKE THEIR BACK DEVELOPING LESSONS IN EVENING WAIST."

Our Story Teller.

ALL'S WELL.

CHAPTER I.

"All's well!"

"All's well!"

The musical cry floated down from the two black figures that stood vaguely outlined through the mist, high above the vessel's deck.

It floated down, in ever-widening ripples, round the great black hull and over the tossing waters. It was caught by the waves as the dashed from the vessel's prow, and raced past her tall sides, and foamed, and splashed, and eddied in her wake. It was caught up and thrown back, and carried on again, and swept out into the night—out into the night, and the shrouding mist and the rolling waves of the Atlantic; and there the ripples of its sound quivered for the last time and died away.

It floated down already muffled by the mist, over the long, wet decks to the cars of a man who paced to and fro in the after part of the vessel. It floated down and struck upon his ears and vibrated in them like the ringing of a bell.

And the man turned in his restless walk and paced back again with the cry still echoing in his ears: "All's well!"

He even repeated it to himself, softly, slowly, like one trying to reassure himself of some good news, too good to be yet as believed. He murmured it to himself with half closed lips each time that he paused in that monotonous pacing to and fro. His footsteps fell upon the deck and beat out the rythm of the same two words. And each time that he murmured them, each time that his listening brain caught that sound in the rushing of the wind, or the whistling of the ropes, or the steady tramp of his own footfalls there was a smile upon his face that was not good to see.

His fellow passengers on board the ship knew him as the Silent Man. No doubt he had some other name, no doubt the captain knew and the ship's books held it written down in full, but to all the passengers who knew him he was known only as the Silent Man. And there were few on board who knew him not, few who had not noticed the tall, gaunt figure that strode incessantly to and fro and up and down the deck; few who had not shrunk insensibly from that haggard face and the lips that murmured forever to themselves, but could heardly beb rought to frame an answer to another; few who had not wondered who this man was with his murmuring lips and his taciturnity and his ceaseless tramp on the ship's deck—who had not speculated on the business that brought him on that voyage of the Amsterdam across the broad Atlantic.

Once more the bell sounded and the voices rang out through the darkness. And the Silent Man still paced with bowed head and folded arms, up and down, to and fro, in the gathering mist.

Once again the bell was almost due to sound, but the cry that broke then from one of the two motionless figures on the lookout bridge was not the same—a cry of sudden fear, of wild alarm—with waving arms and frantic gestures, and hands pointing out into the darkness pointing into the darkness no longer now; pointing at something vast and shapeless, like a cloud rising from the water; something that came swiftly, noiselessly, looming out of the fog, ever nearer and nearer, or towering high above the vessel's masts, lit with a strange glimmering light; something that a moment later, with a noise of crackling ice, with a horrible, reading, grinding jar, with a blow that made the great ship quiver like a compass needle, crashed into the bows of the Amsterdam.

For an instant she remained reared up against the iceberg held fast in the jagged cleft that her prow had cut—then slowly, with a rushing swirl of water, slid back into the waves.

She was sinking in mid-Atlantic!

One of the first boats that were launched contained the Silent Man. He had taken his place quietly, almost mechanically. He was rowing now, and the beat of his oar in the rowlock seemed to him, as he gazed back at the misty outline of the sinking ship, to be still grimly, darkly, ominously echoing those words: "All's well!"

All that night they rowed, menaced incessantly by masses of detached ice, by floating wreckage, by foam-topped surf that broke over the open boat—all that night and the next day, and for many days after.

Who can tell the horror of those days?

Of days when the shrouding mist robbed them of all hope of rescue; when the sun beat down through the damp-laden atmosphere for hour after hour on their uncovered heads; when no cloud in the sky came to screen them for an instant from its scorching, dazzling rays; when they drifted they knew scarcely whither and heard afar off the fog signals of vessels that passed them unheeded in the mist; when arms ached and strength was failing and hunger and thirst were doing their full work and courage and hope together were well nigh spent.

Of nights when the rising breeze blew through their saturated clothes and chilled the very life within them; when other boats, the companions of their fate, were missed and lost sight of; when the great rolling swell threatened in the darkness to overwhelm them, and each giant wave as it passed seemed only to delay the death that the next must surely bring; when the misery and anguish and despair were made deeper and blacker and more intolerable by the darkness.

Of days and nights later on, when the heat and thirst and weakness had done their work, and men began to rave and sing aloud and say wild, unmeaning things; when fever and death came among them; when it was no longer a strange sight to see dead men—their bodies stripped that their clothing might afford protection to the living—cast over into the gray waves without a prayer, almost without a thought; when the number of living souls on board that little boat shrank awfully from day to day.

When there were at last but six alive—but five—and then, one dim, gray morning, only three!

The Silent Man still lived. Through all those days he lived—silent, unmoved, uncomplaining, working at his oar like a tireless machine, possessed, as it were, with a very greed for life. Through all those days he lived—untouched by hunger or thirst, by heat or chill, by fatigue or exposure or despair; through all those days—unheeding everything around him, living in a sort of dream.

He had dreamed the same waking dream that night when he paced to and fro on the deck of the Amsterdam. He had dreamed the same dream, but not quite all of it; had seen the same dream figures, sleeping and waking, for twelve months past; but now in his weakness and the horror of his daily life, with madness and delirium and death all around him, the dream figures gathered color and vividness and substantiality; they became to his disordered brain as living comrades, living and moving with him in a different world.

The scenes of the vision always recurred in the same order.

A cottage lying at the end of a long, shaded garden. The sun shining on the red-tiled roof, and the white muslin curtains in the little windows and the rustic porch of trellis work, on which a rose tree climbs struggligly. The garden, bright with flowering lilac and drooping barbors of laburnum, and all the uncultured profusion of English country flowers. The air around filled with the fragrance of the blossoms, and the spring song of countless birds. And over all a sense of brightness and happiness and home.

A little two-year-old child, toddling with open arms and laughing eyes, down the gravel path.

A fair-haired young mother, that runs and catches up the little girl and bears her with merry laughter, held aloft in her arms, down the path to meet the dreaming man. A moment of exquisite happiness, of mutual love, of joy so boundless that it seems to fill the soul and brim over. A time of happy rest, of unimpaired content, when those two sit in the rose-tinted porch, with the child playing at their feet, and watch the sun as he sinks to his rest.

A shadow that falls like a knife between the dreaming man and his wife.

A shadow at first thin and gray, that seems, for all it is so light, to rob the sunshine suddenly of all its warmth and brightness and leave the evening cold and cheerless. A shadow that grows quickly broader and blacker, and icier, until it blots out the figures of the wife and child darkens the little porch; that steals up swiftly, like a cloud of deadly vapor round the red tiles of the cottage roof, and wraps all the pictures at last in an impenetrable shroud.

A shadow that somehow gathers itself gradually into the form of a man's face—coarse, thick-lipped, sensuous, with gloating eyes and a false smile—a face that might, for all its coarseness, be made attractive by that luring smile, yet in itself cruel and dissolute and evil looking.

Slowly the face emerges from behind that shadowy curtain. Slowly the features come dimly forth, as one by one they recur to the tortured mind of the man in his walking dream. Slowly the eyes of the dream-face turn and gaze down upon him mockingly.

Then a great surge of blood-red light floods over the gibing face and hides it from view, and there is only the gray shadow left.

So far the vision has always been the same, but lately, since the Silent Man had taken his passage on board the Amsterdam, there had been something more which followed it—another ending to the never ending dream.

An ending in which he sees a scrap of paper—traced over with trembling characters—a letter dated four weeks before from 26 Omaha avenue, Lumberville, U. S. A.

The characters range themselves unerringly before his mind:

I have sinned, and God knows I have repented. I do not ask to be forgiven. That cannot be. But for our child's sake, for little Goldie's sake, come quickly. She was our child. YOUR WIFE.

The silent man's hand steals into the breast pocket of his coat and touches something there—something hard and cold, made of metal; something that he touches softly and caressingly, looking at his fingers afterward to make sure that the sea water has not reached it; something that in the darkness of the night, as he lays crouching in the bows of the tossing boat, he takes from his breast and examines and weighs in his hand.

And he listens to the washing of the waves as they splash on the boat's side and laughs softly to himself as they too seem to bear the same message—"All's well!"

All was well yet—for what he had to do.

The morning dawned at last, when there were but two living souls besides himself on board the boat—dawned with a glorious uprising of the sun, to show that the deathly fog had rolled away, that all was clear as far as the horizon line; that a sailing ship was standing down toward them.

They were saved!

Who shall say what those men felt? Who shall describe the weeping and laughter intermixed, the incoherent cries of joy, the frantic waving of the emaciated arms, the wild ejaculations of confused thanksgiving and impreciation that burn from their blackened lips? Who shall wonder that, but for their failing strength, they would have cast themselves into the waves, and struggled to gain the boat that was lowered to rescue them, that in the moment of their preservation from a death but a few hours distant their minds became distraught?

All save the silent man.

He alone was calm. To him alone their rescue seemed not unexpected. To him alone it was not a miracle like to the raising from the dead. To him alone it was but the fulfillment of an omen.

The sailing ship that picked them up was bound for Rio; but the Silent Man was not to dream that strange dream many a time yet before land was reached. For several weeks they beat about on the Atlantic. They were delayed by headwinds, thrown out of their course by constantly recurring gales, becalmed for three whole days on the equator. It was close upon two months from that glorious dawn when the little boat had been espied drifting on the waste of tossing waters that they first saw the coast of Brazil—like a streak of bluish cloud rising behind the sea line—opening out before them.

Their voyage was nearly at an end.

The bluish cloud resolved itself into dark green masses of vegetation growing down to the water's edge; the vegetation became dotted and broken by the white roofs of buildings; the buildings collected themselves together, tier beyond tier, and blocked out the vegetation a great concourse of masts and spars rose before the buildings. They were entering Rio Harbor.

It was long yet before the Silent Man resumed his journey. There were inquiries to be made—inquiries wherein the object of that journey was sought for, but not revealed; the story of the loss of the Amsterdam and of the awful days that followed it had to be told and told again; a sum of money was raised and paid to him.

At last he was embarked for New York.

Then followed more days of dazzling heat, and glittering water, and the rising and falling of the ship's deck; days in which he lay inactive, watching the feathery clouds that floated across the sky, tracing the ship's wake as it wound over the glassy surface of the sea; nights in which he saw again the chill shadow creep up to the cottage wall, and the face fashion itself out of the shadow, and the flash of blood that ended it all. And then his hand would seek the thing that he carried in his breast, and he would look at it stealthily to himself.

Once more he was on land, in the crowded streets of New York. He wanted to go to Lumberville; it is a long distance, almost half way across the continent. But he had got plenty of time to do that which he had come to do.

His money could not suffice to carry him the whole way. For two days he traveled by the railroad, fancying in the motion of the cars that he was still at sea, expecting almost, as he looked from the windows of the car, to see the leaden-colored waves and the gray mist and the tangles of floating sea weed. Then his money was gone and he must walk.

Rough, loosely made roads, thick with sand and grit. Long days' tramps under the broiling sun, when the little hillock, or the stunted tree, that looked so close at hand across the unbroken level of the prairie, was only reached after half an hour's weary walking. Starlit nights, when he cast himself down on the long, coarse grass, to sleep the deathlike sleep of exhaustion, to dream once more that never changing dream. Homesteads of hewn timber, where he was made welcome in a rough, yet kindly fashion, where he was allowed to sleep, perhaps on a bed of straw in the empty barn, where round-eyed children brought him milk and hunches of bread and stayed behind to stare at the silent, uncouth man. Cities of six months' growth, proud in their uprising buildings which never would be finished, and their mighty streets which never would be built. Cities in which he was received with cold suspicion as another competitor in that struggling throng of hungered humanity, whence he was watched on his departure with unconcealed relief.

More homesteads, more aspiring cities, more of the rolling boundlessness of the prairies.

And then—Lumberville.

(Concluded next week.)

HOW SHE FIGURED IT.

Proving to Hubby That She Had a Head for Arithmetic.

"Orlando," she said, according to the Detroit Free Press, "I am afraid you are getting tired having me ask you for money."

"Well, you see," he answered, I have a good deal of expense to meet just at this time of the year and it does seem once in awhile that women don't make enough allowances for that sort of thing."

"Well," she answered, "I've thought of a way that will fix it all very nicely."

"What is it?"

"Whenever you go to the barber shop and the boy brushes you off you give him a dime, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And when you are away from home at a hotel and a boy brings you ice water you give him a dime?"

"Yes."

"And a mixed drink costs 15 cents?"

"Of course."

"Well, you've often said that women have no head for arithmetic, but I am going to convince you to the contrary. I am going to learn to make your favorite mixed drinks. That'll be 15 cents a day. Then I'll bring you ice water in the morning; that'll be 10 cents. And then I'll brush your clothes with a whis-broom and that'll be 10 cents more. There's 35 cents a day. I've figured it all out on this little piece of paper. Three hundred and sixty-five days in a year—that's 365 times 35, which makes $127.75. If you will give me that without my asking for it, just as you do the hell boys and the bartender. I can put it with my regular allowance and manage to get along much better."

AN INDUCEMENT.

Druggist (awakened at 2 a. m.)—What d've want?

Customer—If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy a postage stamp from you.

JESTS FROM JUDGE.

Mrs. Farmer—"You ought to have a good home, and not be wandering around the country so."

Weary Willie—"Oh, dis is so sudden, mum—but could yer support a husband?"

Young Wife—"Isn't it a pleasure, George, dear, to see mother so happily engaged?"

Young Husband—"Yes, dear. I always love to see your mother—knit."

Mrs. Millyuns—"Did you hunt up Count Spaghetti while in Florence, Reggy?"

Reggy—"I did."

Mrs. Millyuns—"Did you find his family line to be a long one?"

Reggy—"No; but I gave 'em my washing, and that helped them out considerable."

"What did Lushley say when told of his removal as president of the bank?"

"He didn't deny the charges; said he'd rather be tight than be president."

Birthwhistle—"Going to have a yacht this year?"

Dewsnap—"No. I sha'n't have the price. I have had to buy my wife a yachting costume."

Tom—"How do you like wedded bliss, Jack?"

Jack—"All right, except the Sunday work."

Tom—"Going to church, I suppose."

Jack—"No; thinking up excuses for not going. It's a terrible mental strain."

Two Bicycle Lessons.

Dialogue between Mr. Bliss and his neighbor's wife:

"You don't mean to say, Mrs. Wylie, that you never rode a wheel until now?"

"You sit perfectly! I never saw any one balance so easily. Don't mention it! It is a positive pleasure to assist you. How gracefully you dismount! Too heavy? Nothing of the kind. You wheel like an expert. Allow me."

Dialogue between Mr. Bliss and his own wife:—

"Now Laura, if you are going to hang on that bicycle like a sack of meal you'd better give up trying to learn. I told you I hadn't time to go wabbling all over the country holding you on a wheel. It's too much to expect of mortal man!"

"——!"

"Mrs. Wylie? Why, that woman wouldn't learn to ride in a thousand years; neither for that matter, will you! I didn't do anything of the kind—I never told her so! Her husband asked me to teach her a few moments, and I did, out of neighborly kindness."

"——!"

"I hold her hand? I never did anything of the kind, except to drag her on and off that wheel. You lean away over to one side. Oh, yes, I'd look nice running along side, like a page or a professor of athletics. Not much, Mrs. Bliss! If you don't learn in two lessons you can practice by yourself. There you go! go! Well, whose fault was it? No! I don't make a spectacle of myself trying to hold you on! Go into the back yard and wabble to your heart's content. I'm through!"—Detroit Free Press.

Unable to Compare.

He—"Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so?"

She—"Well, really, I don't know—I can't tell—for in my life I never——"

He—"Now, now, Miss Kitty!"

She—"Never ate an egg without salt."—Woonsocket Reporter.

Cleared Up.

Crosby—I understand that old Cashley's daughter has eloped with his coachman.

Gregory—What! Why, she was engaged to marry me!

Crosby—Oh, then, that accounts for it.

DELIGHT OF A BATH

These Called Russian Afford a Variety of Keen Sensations.

The pervading scent of St. Petersburg, the faint, sweet smell of smoldering birchwood, soon connects itself in the mind of the visitor most closely with two things—the samovar and the bath, says the Pall Mall Gazette. It is, as it were, the savor of an incense offered on those two national shrines. Opposite my window is an archway over which runs large the legend "Bani." Through the archway they come and go: moujiks and journeymen, by twos and threes, squab matrons in garish kerchiefs leading children of various sizes, uniformed soldiers, with black hands to keep their ears warm, all of them with a latent smile of satisfaction on their lobster faces. They have all been in for their penny boil.

This bath is divided, like a Russian hotel, into the "black half" and the "clean half." The "clean half," where a wash costs five-pence at the least, has an imposing entrance, a few yards along to the left by the quass shop. Thither I bent my steps at 9 o'clock the other night. Having taken my ticket and pushed open the door labeled "Men's baths, twenty copecks," I found myself in an elegant apartment, with a low fretted and gilded ceiling; at the far end, under the ikon, sat a little group of shampooers, some in red shirts, some naked, meditating over glasses of amber tea; on either side were stalls divided by low partitions, as at the Cock Tavern, and in every stall two couches swathed in white. The room presented, in fact, the appearance of a high-class restaurant at spring cleaning time. I sat down in a stall and proceeded to undress. Opposite me lay a stout, gray-haired gentleman, his drying sheet flung aside with artistic carelessness. He gazed up and gently puffed clouds of cigarette smoke toward the ceiling. Another would rouse himself and turn to the bottle of beer which stood on a stool beside him. Away on my right a wet and worried paterfamilias was putting on his son's socks; the sons were squatting in a row on the couch, with their sheets over their heads like little white monks.

At last "clothed and in my right mind" and in nocent of other raiment, I made for the washing room. Here ceased that ostentation of Oriental luxury which characterized the dressing room. A pleasing warmth spread over my skin. I saw vague pink figures moving in a dim and foggy light. A further survey revealed an apartment like a great scullery with a multitude of taps and sinks and pannikins and tubs, and twenty low kitchen tables scattered with bunches of green vegetables. The steam rolled in waves before the lustreless glimmer of the gas brackets. Every moment one heard the snore of the hot water tap and the crash of water falling on the floor.

A bath-boarder loomed up out of the fog and offered his service as shampooer. His only clothing was the little cross strung round his neck. The good orthodox never take off their crosses. At his invitation I lay down on one of the kitchen tables. He mitigated the austerity of the wooden pillow with three bunches of the green vegetables, which turned out to be birch twigs in leaf. Then he took a broad pan of burnished copper, filling it with lime hast, poured in hot water, kneaded it with his hands, and lo! the pan overflowed with brimming soapsuds. Then he went up and down and around me with his foaming bunch of hast, tickling and scratching me very pleasantly.

I laid my face on my kirchen pillow and scented the sweet smell of autumn woods. Away in the dark corner I could hear another moujik thumping his subject's back. I was lulled into a half sleep by the muffled sound of pounded flesh.

But I was not long to be left in peace. I was made to sit up. Having covered my head with soap, my shampooer proceeded to work at it with his finger nails, as if he were engaged in some agricultural operation. I gazed pensively down and found I was the center of a big pool of creamy soapsuds. I felt like Aphrodite rising from the sea.

Then came the shower bath and several douches.

Next I entered the last circle of the Inferno. It was a dark, dark chamber, ugly and fearsome. The heat gripped me so suddenly as I entered that I started back with a kind of Amy Robsart feeling. My conductor soothed me with a smile. On one side the floor rose in steps like a hospital theatre to a platform near the ceiling. On this platform stood three tables, one man lay there as in a morgue. In the corner stood a huge white-tiled stove, rising from floor to ceiling. In this room hot water did not steam but only cold. The steps burned my feet, and my table under the ceiling would have been undendurable if my attendant had not shuted it down with cold water. I lay there gasping and closing my mouth at each exhalation lest my breath went like a scorching simoon down my body. • • •

The door slammed, and in came a merry, fat father with his six-year-old. Nothing would tempt the latter to approach the ceiling. His dad lay up above and performed Phrygian antics with his legs and arms, indicating that whatever portion of his anatomy he approached to the roof it was always Prekrasno! Otlectchno! Slavno! which being translated, is Ripping! Sispop! A 1! His gambols were in vain; the six-year-old sat doggedly on the bottom step like a disconsolate water-baby. • • • My shampooer took a tub of water, opened a door high up in the stove, came cautiously round to one side as if laying in ambush, flung in his tubful and drew back. There was a dull thud, and I expected to see white steam fill the room instead of that there slowly spread along the ceiling a cloudy invisible heat. • • • My attendant restored me to consciousness with a well-timed douche, and I would have braved it yet a while but there came a sad, sad old man

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are advertising. Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

What a "Jingo" Is.

A. W. C., Cadiztsburg, Ky., asks: "What is the literal meaning of the word 'jingo'?"

The word "jingo" is believed to be a corruption of the words which signify "The lord of the most high," or God, in the language of the Basques, an isolated people dwelling in the mountains of Northwestern Spain. The Basques and their language are entirely unlike anything else in Europe, and they are believed to be survivals of the race and tongue which prevailed in Europe before any of the great waves of migration from Central Asia which brought the Latin, Celtic, Teutonic and Slavic nations into the countries which they now occupy. The Basque word was originally "Jaunnoica," or "Jangoikoa," as it is also formed. This came ultimately to be contracted to "Jinkoa" "Jainkoa," or "Jeinkoa," and when it was brought to England by gypsies or sailors, in the form of an oath, it became "by Jingo," in the phrase "By Jingo," which was equivalent to "By God." The term gained its present significance through its use in a concert hall song which was the rage in London nearly twenty years ago, especially in 1878, when Lord Beaconsfield determined to go to war with Russia rather than permit the latter power, then just victorious over Turkey, to occupy Constantinople and enforce the terms of peace which the Sultan would have been obliged to accept if left to his own resources. The chorus of the song ran thus:

"We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
we've got the money, too!"

From the great popularity of this song with the element eager for war, it came about that people who talked loudly of fighting foreign nations and went about with chips on their shoulders, so to speak, were known as "jingoes."

Special Notice.

We are much behind-hand in our answers, because their number is so great. Will querists please stop sending questions for a couple of weeks until we can catch up?

The Office-Holding Army.

G. H. H., Kansas City, Mo., asks: "How many clerkships and other positions under the government at Washington?"

Following is a statement showing the total number of employes of the government in Washington. This does not include the employes of the district government, nor those under charitable, reformatory or educational institutions:

Congressional employes (not including members)	635
Executive office	18
State department	81
Treasury department	4,271
War department	1,587
Postoffice department	638
Interior department	3,885
Department of justice	124
Department of agriculture	569
Department of labor	72
Interstate commissions	240
United States commissions	247
Under the Smithsonian institution	247
Government printing office	2,661
Library of Congress building	312
State, war and navy building	219
Botanic garden	20
Officers and employes of courts in the district, exclusive of U. S. commissioners, notaries public, justices of the peace, etc.	175
Totals	17,258

Of this number 3,752 are females.

Gen. Lew Wallace.

A. M. G., Chattanooga, Tenn., asks several questions about Gen. Lew Wallace, which we answer seriatim:

Gen. Wallace was born at Brookfield, Ind., April 10, 1827, was adjutant general of Indiana in 1851, but resigned that position to become colonel of the Eleventh Indiana infantry. At Fort Donelson he led a division, and was the first Union officer of rank to enter the fort. He also contributed largely to the victory at Shiloh by his gallant fighting on the second day. "Ben Pur" was published in 1880. He was governor of New Mexico from 1878 to 1881. He was appointed minister to Turkey in the Garfield-Arthur administration and remained there from 1881 to 1885.

First Atlantic Cable.

W. W. H., Maquoketa, Iowa, asks for the history of the laying of the first Atlantic cable.

The first company to undertake the work of stretching a cable across the Atlantic was the one of which Cyrus W. Field, of New York, was the great leader, and it commenced to lay down the first wire on August 5, 1857. The vessels employed were the American ships Niagara and Susquehanna, and the British ones Leopold and Agamemnon. After sailing a few miles the cable snapped; this was repaired, but after 200 miles of wire had been paid out it broke again and the vessels returned to Plymouth on August 11. A second attempt failed in June, 1858, but the third voyage was successful, and the junction between the two continents was completed by laying down of 2,050 miles of wire from Valentia, Ireland, to Newfoundland, the first two messages passing on August 5 from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, and his reply. A company was formed in 1860 and in 1865, the Great Eastern was employed to lay a new line, but failed, the cable having broken in midocean, and being unable to pick up the wire, the Great Eastern returned. In July, 1866, the Great Eastern, with a new cable, sailed from Valentia, the western end having been successfully landed at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, on July 27. The same year the lost cable of 1865 was recovered and its laying was completed. The fault in the cable of 1858 was due to imperfect insulation.

No Voters at the Capital.

C. D. M., Chicago, Ill., asks: "Why do the residents of Washington City not vote at all?"

The residents of Washington do not vote. The persons living there who have no legal residence there vote at their old homes if they vote at all. Between 1871 and 1873 the District of Columbia had a territorial government and the inhabitants voted; but in 1873 most of the tax-payers appealed to Congress to abolish the territorial government, as it was too expensive and corrupt. Congress heard their prayer, and now the residents have no voice in the government of the District, which is managed wholly by Congress.

A "Tenderloin" Precinct.

W. C. S., Westerville, O., asks: "What is the meaning of the word 'Tenderloin' as applied to the tough section of a city?"

The Tenderloin precinct is the name given to the Nineteenth police precinct in New York. The precinct gained the name about 1881, when one of the police captains who had been in command of another precinct, and was under orders to take charge of the Nineteenth said that he was going from the unpoetical to the tenderloin district. Most of the hotels and clubs, fine private houses, restaurants, and theatres were then in the Nineteenth precinct, so that the joke had a good basis of fact. The name is given now to precincts in many other places where vice reigns rampant.

Fuel of Atlantic Liners.

E. C. D., Erie, Pa., asks: "How much coal does an Atlantic liner burn per day, and how much a war vessel?"

The Teutonic and Majestic, of the White Star line, and the Lucania and Campania, of the Cunard line, burn as much as any vessels; they use up about 330 tons a day. A man-of-war uses comparatively little. The United States steamship Columbia, on her record run across the Atlantic last autumn, consumed only from 200 to 230 tons a day, though her speed averaged 18.41 knots an hour.

The Meaning of Mr.

H. W. W., Red Cloud, Minn., asks: "What is the meaning of the word 'Mister' or 'Mr.'?"

Mister is a corruption of the word master. Originally it was used by servants to their employers. Some 150 years ago mister was used instead of master, and it has been so used ever since. A few persons, though called mister in ordinary matters, are called officially masters—as the masters in chancery in those states having chancery courts, who are known officially as Master Jones, Master Smith.

The President's Privilege.

S. W., Lacrosse, Wis., asks: "Can the President of the United States go out of the jurisdiction of the United States during his term?"

Yes, if he chooses. The President is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and it is conceivable that in case of war, he might actually lead an army or a fleet. In sailing, Cleveland has gone on the high seas outside of the jurisdiction of this country, and it is said that Andrew Johnson, while "swinging round the circle," crossed into Canada for a few minutes, and that Arthur chased a deer into Canada while out hunting.

Naval Standing of Nations.

Subscriber, Topeka, Kan., asks: "What is the standing of the naval forces, in consecutive order, of the first five nations of the world?"

In Men—France, England, Russia, Germany, Spain.

In Guns—England, France, Russia, Italy, United States.

In War Vessels—England, France, Italy, Spain, Germany.

A Moving Speech.

Bellows—Talk about your moving speeches. I never heard a more thrilling and effective one than Sparkins delivered at the mass meeting last evening.

Fellows—Sparkins make a moving speech. Impossible!

Bellows—"Tis, eh? You'd never think so, if you'd been at the meeting last night when he got up and yelled "Fire!"—Yonkers Gazette.

FINE LINEN LINGERIE.

Made Close-Fitting, With Band Sewed Flat Upon White Ribbon.

While dress skirts are full, never has there been such an effort made to keep lingerie tight-fitting and close to the figure. Every fold is smoothed out, every unnecessary plait is removed, and the underwear of the woman who desires to look "smart" is fitted to her figure as closely as her bodice. Nor is fit the only requirement. The material must be delicate.

Silk lingerie is not liked as well now. There is a great reversion to the days of fine linen, trimmed oft with purple ribbon. The finer the linen the better,

FINE LINEN HAS REPLACED SILK.

and for a very nice suit of undergarments nothing excels India linen and its near cousins, French lawns.

Drawers are trimmed elaborately considering their smallness of leg. Ruffles are left off, except a small ruffle of linen or embroidery runs up and down the leg, and at the back there is a full little frill of the muslin or lace. This gives the pretty effect which woman like in their underwear. Drawers are not gathered upon a band. They are sewed flat upon a bit of tape or ribbon exactly the size of the waist and buttoned with a flat pearl button. Corset covers are made all in one long piece, trimmed with ruffles and fastened upon the bust.

LETTER WRITING.

An Art Which May Be Easily Acquired.

That letter writing is an art no one who has been afflicted with the uninteresting epistles which come from the pens of many people will deny. It is a matter which deserves almost as much study as any other attempt we make at entertaining our friends.

No one would think of inviting guests to one's home and making no arrangement for their entertainment, and yet the majority of people sit down to write a letter at a time when it is impossible for them to give of their best to their friends. Tired out in mind and body, weary of the strain and whirl in the world but with a desire to let some admired one hear from them and know of their comings and goings, they sit down to write a letter. Is it any wonder that the letter is most uninteresting and at best but a channel for our unpleasant thoughts and misgivings rather than the giving of our best thought and in fact of ourselves to another. But in a measure it is almost impossible among busy men and women to write at a time when the mind is not worn out or nearly so with the manifold things which have required attention, but there are safeguards against a selfish and entirely uninteresting letter.

I have always had great admiration for the woman who told of keeping always on her desk a small pad on which she jotted down anything of interest she had heard or read which would add to the pleasure her letter would give to her friend. The habit is one which grows to be almost a necessity to one who carries on a large correspondence, and after a short trial of it one finds it really the only practical way to write letters which shall be interesting. It is so very difficult with the multitude of things which fill the mind to retain the thoughts which you would like to give to each correspondent, but if a memorandum of this kind is kept the duty of a correspondence with a large number of friends is no longer a hardship but a great pleasure.

One woman whose delightful letters are always sources of much pleasure to her friends gave as her recipe the following: "When I see in a book or hear anywhere a happy phrase, or a telling sentence, I make a mental note of it, and watch for an opportunity to incorporate it in my own speech or written word. I don't mean I appropriate other folks' ideas in wholesale fashion, but I do steal or utilize their knack of expression."

Fell Into the Trap.

At the last New Year's fair in Paris one of the stallholders who, despite the good weather and the multitude of passersby, had done very little business, had recourse to an original method of clearing out his stock. While delivering his usual speech on the excellence of his fifty centime articles, a gentleman, in a state of great excitement, pushed his way through the crowd and exclaimed:

"There you are, you rascal! No wonder you can sell these things at ten sous when you still owe me a franc and a half apiece for them. But the matter shall be looked into. I am going straight to fetch the police."

The excited gentleman disappeared. Our salesman trembled in his shoes and entreated the bystanders to relieve him of his wares. This they were ready enough to do in the belief that they were about to get all sorts of nice bargains at a third of their real value. And the trick was done, for the pretended wholesale merchant was merely an accomplice of the cheap-jack.—Le Temps.

Too Many of Them.

Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful hold on this country.

Crosgy—They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and, by thunder, every one of them was a foreigner.—Philadelphia North American.

Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

Cures of Scrofula in severest forms, Salt Rheum, with itching and burning, scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

Cures of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh by making rich, red blood.

Cures of Nervousness and That Tired Feeling by feeding nerves, muscles and tissues on pure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

Jerry, the Dreamer, by Will Payne, is a story which paints a man who dreams, who is without logical power, and who torments himself. He went to Chicago from a small country village, and gradually worked himself into a good position on a newspaper. He met Georgie, the daughter of Judge House, and ran away with her. After his marriage, he became insanely jealous of Sidney Bane, his wife's cousin, and at the same time developed socialistic theories. Gradually he drifted away from his wife, and lost his position, and the socialistic newspaper in which he had an interest failed. Utterly down-hearted, he sought out his wife once more, and were reconciled. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, is a humorous story by Mark Twain, the humor appearing in the contrast of sixth and nineteenth century ideas. Hank Morgan, a Connecticut machinist and inventor, with all the knowledge of the nineteenth century, suddenly finds himself at Camelot where Arthur was king of Britain. He meets the Knights of the Round Table, and becomes a great magician and Merlin's rival. He attempts to civilize the people, but is defeated by an interdict laid on the kingdom by the pope. The author while describing the abuses of the monarchial form of government, preaches fiercely in favor of democracy. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York City.

A new edition of Thomas Hardy's Wessex Tales, has been issued recently. The following skeleton of the stories will give some idea of them:

In An Imaginative Woman," Mrs. Marchmill fell in love with Robert Trewe, a man she never saw. Trewe died and Mrs. Marchmill mourned for him. After her death her husband found a resemblance between his youngest child and the photograph of Trewe; and, believing his wife had been unfaithful, discarded the child. "The Withered Arm" rests on a most quaint superstition connected with witchcraft and a most horrible cure to be bewitched. In "Fellow Townsmen" there is an odd chain of circumstances which operated to separate a man and a woman during their lives, despite the fact that they loved each other. "The Distracted Preacher" was the Rev. Mr. Stockdale, who went down into the West of England and fell in love with Lovis Newberry. The result was, he broke the law and became a smuggler. In these stories, especially in the last, there is much humor found by the author in the peasants and their customs. Also, one of them, "The Withered Arm," is horrible, yet strong. Harper & Brothers are the publishers, New York city.

With the Fathers, is the title of some studies in the History of the United States by Prof. John Bach McMaster. Most of the essays have been published in the leading magazines and newspapers of the country, but do not lose their force and interest from being collected in this form. The volume makes good reading. It is issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

Nets for the Wind, by Una Taylor is a collection of stories, the first of which gives its name to the volume. The others are The Sword of Michel; A Scarlet Shadow; The Knight of the Blessed Mary; Black Snow; Seed of the Sun; The King's Mountebank; The Truce of God; A Rose of Paradise; Poor Satan; and The Crazy Pilgrim. The stories are well written, but intense to morbidness. Roberts Brothers, Boston, are the publishers.

A Stumbler in Wide Shoes is a story whose author's name is not given. The scenes are laid in Holland and England, and the hero is an artist. The tale is one of temptation, of yielding and consequent sorrow, and also one of self-sacrifice. The reader follows the principal characters with interest to the end, which is just what he will desire. Henry Holt & Co., New York city.

The Tiger Lily, by Geo. Manville Fenn, the author of many good stories, is a well-told but rather sensational tale of an artist who forgets for a time his love for his schoolmate affianced and came near to wrecking his whole life. Published by The Cassell Co., Union Square, New York city.

In the series Questions of the Day is published America and Europe; A Study of International Relations. The volume includes three essays as follows: The United States and Great Britain, by David A. Wells; The Monroe Doctrine, by Edward J. Phelps, and Arbitration in International Disputes, by Carl Schurtz. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

Money, Silver and Finance, a paper-covered volume, whose scope is indicated by its title, has just gone into its third edition. It is practically the details of a running fight with the free silver leaders on the money question, and the ample extracts from them state their case with absolute fairness. It is one of the best books yet issued in the financial situation. J. Howard Comperthwait, P. O. Box 2646, New York. Price 25 cents.

My Literary Zoo, by Kate Sandborn, is a most amusing book about animals. Her first chapter is devoted to everybody's pets. The stories, narrated, are from a wide field, prose and poetic in description, and from some of the brightest wits of the literary world. The longest chapter is given to dogs, the truest friend to man among all animals, perhaps truer than any other, even among human beings. The chapter about cats is very good. All lovers of animals will enjoy the volume. D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers.

Green Gates, by Katherine M. C. Meredith, is a sentimental little love story more notable for the charming style in which it is told than for its plot or the commonplace incidents which enter into it. The heroine dies somewhat prematurely and her elderly lover, who never really declared his love, seeks consolation in his bereavement among his books, but with indifferent success. The curtain drops with the disconsolate and apparently daft old bachelor trying to cover the girl's grave on a stormy night with a piece of sail cloth. The author calls her book "an analysis of foolishness. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

The Folly of Eustace, and other stories, by R. S. Hichens, contains three complete stories in a pretty volume. In addition to that naming, the book, are The Return of a Soul" and The Collaborators. Mr. Hichens is brilliant in description and vividly dramatic. The reader's interest grows with each page and chapter. The author turns aside from his story to get up dialogues and make epigrams, but he weaves them all into his story charmingly. It is a pleasing book for the pocket.

—Hood's Sasaparilla purifies the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and gives refreshing sleep.

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC.

A Little Atom of a Country Too Small to Mark On a Map.

For the smallest independent government in the world we are usually referred to Monaco with its 12,000 inhabitants, or San Martino with 8,000, or possibly Andorre with no more than 6,000 all told; but the London Standard brings out a new candidate, on the confines of Belgium and Prussia, in the republic of Morsuet, with a population of only 1,200 souls. Morsuet, thoroughly autonomous, lies in a picturesque valley watered by the little River Guenle, near Aix-la-Chapelle. The history of the little republic is curious. The commune of Morsuet as it existed under the empire was, on the retreat of Napoleon, administered by Prussia until 1817, when it was divided into three parts. One was given to Prussia and another to Holland, while the middle strip formed neutral territory, which has remained undisturbed because both the contiguous nations claim rights in the minute state. Morsuet contains the calamine establishment of Vieille Montagne, which produces annually 25,000,000 kilograms of the ore and furnishes Europe with about one-half the zinc it uses. Prussia and Belgium have each a commissioner, but they have never interfered with the affairs of the little state. Morsuet is an ideal republic. The taxes are six francs a head. The burgomaster, or president, has held his seat for twelve years. The roads are good, and the standing army consists of one soldier, who mans both army and police.—Zion's Herald.

Poetry and Juleps.

Col. Carter's countenance was roseate in its affability as he met an acquaintance who is considerably his junior.

"Young man," he said, "we are now upon the verge of the season which makes life worth living—the season which stands out in radiance, sah, and makes the remainder of the year seem like a dull background of patient endurance for a picture of unalloyed loveliness, sah."

As he delivered this sentiment the Colonel raised himself on tiptoe and clasped his hands behind his back.

"You seem inspired to poetry this morning."

"I am, sah. I observe that mint is in the market once more."

"So it is. We must have some spring lamb."

The colonel glanced at him suspiciously. But, seizing him by the arm, he exclaimed heartily:

"Thank you, I don't care if I do. Of course, I'll take a spring lamb with you. But I must pause to remark that it is getting to be positive mental drudgery to keep track of the odd names the present generation is getting for its mixed drinks."—Washington Star.

A Good Beginning.

He—Shall we be able to economize?

She—I think so. At any rate, I passed two bargain sales to-day without stopping.—Detroit Tribune.

HAPPY AND RICH.

LI HUNG CHANG IS ALWAYS LAUGHING.

Says He "Made a Fortune Out of America"—A Personal Friend of Gen. Grant—How He Grew Rich.

A short time ago a periodical, searching through the income tax lists of the world, discovered that Li Hung Chang was one of the richest men on the globe. A dozen years ago Gen. Grant, traveling through China, as Li Hung Chang's guest, announced him the happiest man he had ever known. This in history the great Chinaman will stand forth conspicuous for two widely diverse things, great wealth and great happiness! He the happiest rich man in the world!

This wealth, which in time of peace, is the first thing you hear of the eminent Oriental statesman and warrior, was gathered by him in a most American way. He founded new institutions and reaped the benefit of them while benefiting his countrymen. Where he scatered occupation among 500,0000, the 500,000 were working to amass wealth for him.

China, when Li Hung Chang rose from the masses and attended a college, was an unprogressive country. It had neither railroads, telephones nor hospitals. Now it has all three, most of them owned by Li Hung Chang.

In China the fact that a man can repeat the 40,000 verses and can recite history admits him to any station of preferment. All the emperor's court would be drawn from such men if there were enough of them to supply the demand. In the sixties, when China had its embroglio, Li fought and was speedily raised from one rank to another. When the war ended he was given a white button an a black feather. Thirty years later he got his yellow jacket and his two-eyed peacock feather. That is the greatest example of quick rise in Chinese history. It is always done by illustrious ancestors. Li is from the common people.

When Li Hung Chang comes to this country in a few days he steps foot upon a soil which it has been his long wish to visit. When he first knew America he was a poor man, and this country enriched him. He says "America is the only country that can give anything to China." He admires our commerce, loves our factories, listens with open mouth and ears to our institutions and absolutely worships our army and navy. He says that Japan owes its victory to us. Had it not been for the American education of its Japanese colonels, Japan could never have taken a foot of territory from China.

The special problem which Li Hung Chang comes to America to study is what to do with the surplus population of China. He knows we have great industries here and he wants to see how we manage them. He and Grant agreed, on Grant's visit to China, that China would soon have to provide means of support for its people to prevent those awful annual famines and Li thinks he will find out here how it is done.

About the admission of the Chinese into the United States he is emphatic. He wants them to come here. "Our problem is overcrowding," says he. "You have room to spare. Would that a thousand might come where one now finds his way here. Just so much less to starve in crowded China!"

Our railroad system he is going to know all about. During the war a year ago an American correspondent told Li Hung Chang that our railroads were built by individuals. "They get permission from the government, and are allowed to charge a certain amount per mile for carrying people."

"Then if enough people travel the builder is bound to get rich, is he not?" said Li, laughing.

That idea dwelt with him; and looking out over a poppy field a day later, he said to himself: "Ten thousand persons working on that field. Poppy raising will soon be stopped in China to stamp out opium. What will all those people do? They will take the railroad to the next town. What railroad? Why the railroad which I shall build."

"What will they do there?" asked the listener, too interested to conceal his curiosity. "How will they support themselves there?"

"By working in the factory."

"What factory?"

"The factory which I shall build. We need a factory for turning out the vases which you Americans want in such quantity. Now we can only half supply you."

In conducting this conversation Li Hung Chang spoke in a mixture of Chinese and English. He understands English perfectly and could speak it if he would. But he is absurdly proud of being a pure-blood Chinaman. There are few Chinamen in China. The blood of the Emperor is half Tartar, but Li is the real article. His skin is a pure golden color, and his eyes slant in the true Chinese way. He is a very handsome man, with his shaven skull. He stands 6 feet 2 in those wooden shoes of his, and his frame is the frame of a man who weighs 200 without feeling his flesh.

"How can I act like a Westerner?" he asks, "when my ancestors have so richly endowed me with the ancient and honorable attributes?"

In the past few years Li Hung Chang has built a hundred factories in China. He has put silk looms there, so that Chinese silk, which used to be dear, has become inexpensive, and he has employed artists who can work by stencil as well as by brush, so that Chinese decoration has been reduced to a mere song.

The candlestick which cost Li Hung Chang nine cents to make, and which sold to an importer for $9, is declared no idle story. This takes place every day. Li likes the United States, but he also likes China. If he can get good American dollars for himself and his industries he will not refuse them. But the Americans are learning the cost of things, and Li will find his reign of immense profits must change to one of fair profit only.

It is said that Li's last and greatest mercantile investment is the making of bicycles. Rumor has it that a hundred thousand bicycles made in Japan will shortly arrive here. They were made on the granted land of Li Hung Chang. It is untaxed properly, and he pays no rental for his buildings, which were put up by granted servants at no expense. The material in the bicycles cost a song, and the labor even less, for Chinese workmen willingly work for a turnip a day and a dinner of rice. Those machines, says this rumor, can be sold here for $13 apiece, such as they are. That is the way the Li Hung fortune was made.

The personal characteristics of this statesman are great good-humor. He is always good-natured, always laughing. It is two years to a day since the Emperor took away that yellow riding jacket and deprived him of the prized peacock feather, and for six months Li had not appear in public and direct the army without these decorations. His soldiers hardly knew him. His title of Prince, bestowed upon him a few years ago, was threatened, and he was to be deprived of the guardianship of the Crown Prince. But through it all the old Chinaman was unmoved. He knew that his counsel was necessary to the Emperor, and he smiled with all indulgence at the mistakes of his sovereign.

When the jacket and the feather were given back he rode out from Peking to his home, ninety miles away, and frolicked a whole evening with his grandchildren in the plain little home he occupies.

Since the war Li Hung Chang has taken up civilized, or, as he calls them, Western customs, with a zeal he never supposed himself capable of before. He has tasted Western cooking, and he likes it. He has had German soldiers in his command, and he finds them clear-headed. He has had French workmen directing his factories, and never such work was tunred out before. His watches are equal to Geneva works. He had tried seamen from England, and such seamen he never saw before. These foreign predilections have made him unpopular at home, and it is doubtful if he could now muster such a personal calling as used to be his. Chinese Gordon wanted Li Hung Chang to head a rebellion and overthrow the Chinese dynasty. Then he could have done it. Now it is doubtful.

A great peculiarity about the old statesman who will visit us is that he loves Chinese personal customs. He will not cut an inch from his queue, nor let a fuzz grow upon his yellow forehead. His medicine is as Oriental as it was in the days when the Chinese let a man with a broken arm die because "it was the will of the ancestors." And his superstitions are strong. When away from home he carries the bit of red cloth religiously. His worship is to his fathers, and when his mother died, a few years ago, he resigned everything and mourned in ashes for months, according to his religion.

If some of the mottoes of this the happiest rich man in the world might be copied by other rich men, trouble in heaven or of wealth would be scarcer.

"Let the family of a man who has brought them comfort look up to him as up to heaven."

"The children shall not speak in boisterous tones before him, or the women cease to smile and look happy."

"He shall have a son to perpetuate the monuments of his ancestors, and he shall take wives until that supreme ambition is gratified."

"Upon his walls shall be rules of decorum, and, seeing him look toward them, all women shall bow upon the floor in shame."

"A wife may not spend her husband's money in thought even, taking the gowns in gratitude, asking no more. If few, she shall not deport herself in languid demeanor, but shall walk with energy, as though well pleased."

These rules alone would, to American ears, insure happiness in poverty as well as in riches.

Li Hung Chang is always pictured with a smile upon his face. He has laughed his way through life. Underneath the smile lies plenty of knowledge and ability, but the great Chinaman has the art of seeing fun in trivial things. He is 75, and was born in the same year as General Grant. He discovered an affinity to our warrior from this natal coincidence, and also from the fact that Grant's war-hero was Lee. Li's name is pronounced Lee.

He is going to stop in this country, presumably so he can read and dined, but more to learn the art of conducting our great commercial enterprises. Given ten more years of life, and he will be a trillionaire, while China will be a centre of manufacture and commerce.

IF THE INDIA RUBBER MAN PLAYED BALL.

1—He could catch high flies like this.

2—Also look over the fence when necessary.

3—Stretch to second base whenever he felt inclined—

4—And put runners out at home with perfect ease.

HER LODGER'S CRAFTINESS.

New Plan to Deceive Landladies Until Money is Procurable.

He told me the story himself, and I know him for a truthful man, if a trifle careless in regard to his financial affairs. He was much in his landlady's debt, had to make a week's trip out of town, and needed his money for traveling expenses. He went away, leaving a note in which he promised to settle as soon as he returned. He came back to the city two days before his monthly check was due, and he was "broke."

He knew that to face the landlady without money would be to invite unpleasantness and strained relations would follow. He had not money enough to go to a hotel, and he sought relief in craft.

He went home at an hour after she had retired, let himself in with a latchkey and tip-toed softly to his room. She attended divine service each morning, as he knew well. He slept the sleep of the tired, if not the just. When she had gone out in the morning he made his own bed, smoothed out the covers nicely, made a change of garb and went out. She wotted not of it. And so he did the next night too.

Then, on the third day, having received the expected check, he went boldly in at noonday, as if fresh from a long journey, paid his just debt, and was welcomed home as good lodgers should be.

"Great strategy," I said.

"Great," he said. "If I'd been in the war I'd have come out a major general at least."—New York Herald.

New Kidney and Bladder Cure.

The new botanic discovery Alkavis is an assured cure for kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back and rheumatism. The best proof is that the Church Kidney Cure Company, 48 Fourth ave., New York, will send you treatment by mail prepaid free, if you send them your name and address. Alkavis has certainly wrought some wonderful cures and we advise our readers to try it, as it is offered free.

Whew!

One morning in the garden bed,
The onion and the carrot said
Unto the parsley group:
"Oh, when shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, hail or rain?"
"Absit!" replied in accents of pain,
The parsley: "in the gravy!"
—Puck's Magazine.

ICE CREAM MADE BY A NEW PROCESS.

I have an ice cream freezer that will freeze ice cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer as it comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made, and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity, and you can sell from $5 to $7 worth of cream, and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times, and is a pleasant employment. W. H. Baird & Co., 1618 S. Highland Ave., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application, and will employ good salesmen on salary.

RARE GEMS.

Richest Collection of Jewels in the World.

The finest collection of jewels in the world is that which the late Shah of Persia possessed, says the New York Journal. Ordinary people estimate their wealth in diamonds in carats, but this Oriental ruler might have figured his by the pound. It is almost impossible to put a value upon them, but the lowest estimates appraise them at between $75,000,000 and $100,000,000. They will now become the property of the Shah's successor.

There is the Kaianian crown, shaped like a flower pot, with the small end open and the other closed. At the top is set what is perhaps the greatest ruby in the world, an uncut, absolutely flawless gem as large as a hen's egg.

Of gauntlets and belts the Shah's store was vast, and every one was adorned and covered with diamonds and pearls of surpassing value. The Kaianian belt is the handsomest of these girdles, and is about a foot in width. The dazzling mass of diamonds, pearls and emeralds which encrust it weigh nearly eighteen pounds. There are drinking bowls galore, each thickly studded with gems; swords, one or two of which have jeweled hilts worth a million and a quarter of dollars apiece; epaulets of diamonds, and armlets so contrived that the brilliants revolve and keep up an ever changing and dazzling scintillation. There are garments and robes, too, so thickly crusted with jewels as to hide the fabric beneath, and in the ruler of Persia's coffers lie tray after tray of pearl, ruby and emerald necklaces and diamonds, ruby and turquoise rings by the hundred.

But the gem of this collection of gems is the famous Darya-i-Nur, or Sea of Light, the sister diamond to the trophy which England gained from the Punjab, in 1850, the Koh-i-Noor. The Sea of Light weighs 80 carats more than the Indian gem. It is an inch and a half long, an inch broad and three-eighths of an inch thick. The inscription of Fath Ali Shah's name on one side reduces the value of the stone incalculably. It is not very brilliant, but it has a wondrous history, dating back to 3000 B. C., of which how much is fact and how much romance no man can tell.

Among the rings is one in which sparkles the famous Pitt diamond, sent by George IV. to Fath Ali Shah. Sir H. Sutherland, a celebrated British diplomat, used to tell the story of the acceptance of the gift. A Persian nobleman had been sent from Tehran to Sir Harford Jones to stop him from going there, the French influence being all powerful at the time. Sir Harford argued in vain with the Persian Kahan, who remained unimpressed, and finally he said: "Well, if it must be so, I will return to my country and give up the hope of making my countenance while in the presence of the Shah. But this must return with me," and he drew the ring from his waistcoat pocket.

The Kahn was breathless with pleased surprise for a moment, then shouted: "Stop! Stop, Elchi! May your condescending kindness increase! This alters the matter. I will dispatch a message to the heaven-resembling threshold of the Asylum of the World. I swear by your head you will be received with all honor, Mashallah! It is not every one that has diamonds like the Inglis." The result was that Sir Harford Jones entered Teheran by one gate af General Gardaune, the French representative, made a hasty and hastened exit by the other.

There is not another enormous diamond in this stupendous collection, the Taj-i-Huma, or Diadem of the Phoenix, which is as big as the top of a man's thumb. There are sapphires as big as marbles, and many rubies and pearls the size of nuts, and more than a hundred emeralds from half an inch broad. Besides the largest turquoise in the world, about four inches long, there is another of unique beauty, perfect in color, three-quarters of an inch long and three-eighths of an inch broad. In this inwood scabbard which is covered with diamonds there is not a single stone smaller than the nail of a man's little finger.

Another remarkable jewel is an emerald the size of a walnut, covered with the names of kings who have possessed it.

SOFT-SHELL CRABS.

Season is Now Open in Earnest and the Trade in Them is Brisk.

"The soft-shell crab season has opened in earnest," said Mr. A. T. La Vallette, of Maryland, one of the largest shippers of the toothsome crustacean, to a reporter of the Washington Post at the Chamberlin's. "My town of Crisfield, on the eastern shore of Maryland, with a population of about 500, furnishes more soft-shell crabs to the great cities of the country than all the other shipping points on the entire Atlantic coast. The normal daily shipments of soft-shells from Crisfield amount to three carloads, and one firm during the height of the season sends out thousands of dozens daily.

"They are assorted as they are taken from the water, according to the size and temperature, and packed in sea grass under a very light cover of crushed ice. Those packed for long distances—the Pacific coast and even Europe—must be selected of medium size and absolutely perfect form, and placed on single layers on the soft bed of grass about two inches deep, in trays built like those of a trunk, put inside of a refrigerator, the top tray containing a slab of ice of thickness proportionate to the distance.

"Upwards of 1,000 boats are used in the business at Crisfield, the crew consisting usually of a man and a boy, and as many of them go ten or twelve miles from home, they generally start out a little after midnight for the grassy plat selected for the day's work in order to reach the crabbing ground by daybreak. From this time until sunrise the crabs are moving about lively, and more can be gathered then than during all the rest of the day. The crabs are caught in scrapes, two and three of which are dragged by each boat, depending on the force of the wind. The scrapers are similar to the oyster dredge, with the difference that the iron bar next to the bottom is without teeth, and the bag is all swine netting.

"The men are paid from 1 to 4 cents each for crabs according to the catch, and the week's pay per man runs from $5 to $40, the most expert and industrious averaging $25 weekly. Those that have not left the hardshell known as 'shedders,' are put in shallow floats drawing six inches of water. The crabs while in this dormant condition do not breed, and while lying in the warm surface water they 'shed'—that is, free themselves from their hard shells, growing to nearly twice their former size in a few hours after the transformation. The entire change from a 'shedder' to a soft-shell takes but a few minutes, and can be readily observed in the shallow floats."

A Helpful Coterie.

"So you enjoy belonging to the Fat Men's Club?"

"Oh, yes; it is delightful."

"What are some of the pleasures?"

"Why, every fat man in the club discovers at once that all the other men in the club are fatter than he is."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Much.

Chollie—Can't you give me something to brighten me up?

Druggist—This is a pharmacy; not a place for performing miracles, sir!—Yonkers Statesman.

Chestnutting.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The silver Dummies stand;
They wield their poles, and on the ground
The austere Hodges land.

All men should read Thos. Slater's offer on page 8.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Rancid Taste.

J. M. C., Texas: There are different things that may cause taint in milk. Debility or feverishness in the cow is a fruitful source. Utensils not perfectly clean, or impure air will cause it. One remedy is to give the gases from which the odor arises a chance to escape as soon as possible after the milk is drawn—that is expose the milk to the air while cooling. Certain kinds of food will taint milk. If fever be the cause, or there is debility, getting her system in proper condition is suggested. If your cow is near her time to "come in," you had better not give much medicine of any kind; but if she has some time to run before she has her calf, you will do well to give her a dose of ¾ lb. of Epsom salts in a full quart of water. This may be given through a horn. Afterward if her bowels show constipation feed as a corrective bran mashes. Her food should be of a kind easily digested. If you can get a piece of rock salt place it where she can lick at it at will. Salt should be given regularly. Rancidity in butter is caused by butyric acid. To overcome this, wash the butter with good new milk. Another way is to beat up a quarter of a pound of good fresh lime in a pailful of water, and after allowing it to stand for an hour, until the impurities have settled, pour off the clean portion and wash the rancid butter in that. Sometimes half a pint of vinegar is added to each gallon of cream.

Feather-Pulling Chickens.

J. F. S., Indiana:—Plenty to eat, good grass or dry house have no effect on prevent

Talmage's Sermon.

A ROYAL DINING ROOM,

A Place There for Everyone, No Matter How Lowly.

Washington, July 13.—Dr. Talmage's sermon of Sunday is a vivid and novel presentation of the theories of ruin and restoration. The Bible scene described is dramatic. His text was ii. Samuel 9: 1 and 13: Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake? * * * So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem; for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet.

There is so much gospel in this quaint incident that I am embarrassed to know where to begin. Whom do Mephibosheth, and David, and Jonathan make you think of?

Mephibosheth, in the first place, stands for the disabled human soul. Lord Byron describes sin as a charming wreck, as a gallant rake, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as triumphant in many intricate plots; Gavarni, with his engraver's knife, always shows sin as a great jocularity; but the Bible presents it as a Mephibosheth, lame on both feet. Sin, like the nurse in the context, attempted to carry us, and let us fall, and we have been disabled, and in our whole moral nature we are decrepit. Sometimes theologians haggle about a technicality. They use the words "total depravity," and some people believe in the doctrine and some reject it. What do you mean by total depravity? Do you mean that every man is as bad as he can be? Then I do not believe it either. But do you mean that sin has let us fall, that it has sacrificed, and disabled, and crippled our entire moral nature, until we cannot walk straight, and are lame in both feet? Then I admit your proposition.

There is not so much difference in an African jungle, with barking, howling, hissing, fighting quadruped and reptile, and Paradise with its animals coming before Adam when he patted them and stroked them and gave them names, so that the panther was as tame as the cow, and the condor as tame as the dove, as there is between the human soul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentalists or the poets say in regard to sin; in the name of God I declare to you to-day that sin is disorganization, disintegration, ghastly disfiguration, hobbling deformity.

Your modern theologian tells you that man is a little out of sorts; he sometimes thinks wrong; he sometimes does wrong; indeed, his nature needs a little moral surgery, an outside splint, a slight compress, a little rectification. Religion is a good thing to have; it might some day come into use. Man is partially wrong, not all wrong. He is lame on one foot. Bring the salve of divine grace and the ointment, and the pain extractor, and we will have his one foot cured. Man is only half wrong, not altogether wrong. In what is man's nature right? In his will, his affections, his judgment? No. There is an old book that says: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Mephibosheth lame in both feet. Our belief of the fact that sin has sacrificed and deformed our souls increases as we go on in years. When you started life you thought that man was a little marred by sin, and he was about one-tenth wrong. By the time you had gone through the early experience of your trade, or occupation, or profession, you believed that man was about half wrong. By the time you came to mid-life you believed that man was three-fourths wrong. But within these past few years, since you have been so lied about and swindled and cheated, you have come to the conclusion that man is altogether wrong, and now you can say with the prayer book and with the Bible: "There is no health in us." Now you believe with the prophet, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Whatever you may have believed before now you believe that Mephibosheth is lame on both feet.

Again, Mephibosheth in the text stands for the disabled human soul humbled and restored. When this invalid of my text got a command to come to King David's palace, he trembled. The fact was that the grandfather of Mephibosheth had treated David most shockingly, and now Mephibosheth says to himself, "What does the king want of me? Isn't it enough that I am lame? Is he going to destroy my life? Is he going to wreak on me the vengeance which he holds toward my grandfather Saul? It too bad." But go to the palace Mephibosheth must, since the king has commanded it. With staff and crutches and helped by his friends, I see Mephibosheth going up the stairs of the palace. I hear his staff and crutches rattling in the resolighted floor of the throne room. No sooner have these two persons confronted each other—Mephibosheth and David, the king—than Mephibosheth throws himself flat on his face before the king, and styles himself a dead dog. In the east when a man sties himself a dog he utters the utmost term of self-abnegation. It is not a term so strong in this country, where, if a dog has a fair chance, he sometimes shows more nobility of character than some human specimens that we wot of; but the many curs of the oriental cities, as I know by my own observation, are utterly destestable. Mephiboseth gives the utmost term of self-loathing when he compares himself to a dog, and dead at that.

Consider the analogy. When the command is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to tremble. It says: "What is God going to do with me now? Is he going to destroy me? Is he going to wreak his vengeance upon me?" There is more than one Mephibosheth trembling now, because God has summoned him to the palace of divine grace! What are you trembling about? God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner. He does not send for you to hurt you. He sends for you to do you good. A Scotch preacher had the following circumstances brought under his observation: There was a poor woman in the parish who was about to be turned out because she could not pay her rent. One night she heard a loud knocking at the door, and she made no answer and hid herself. She was almost frightened unto death. She said: "That's the officer of the law come to throw me out of my home."

A few days after a Christian philanthropist met her in the street, and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent. Why didn't you let me in? Were you at home?" "Why?" she replied, "was that you?" "Yes, that was me; I came to pay your rent." "Why," she said, "if I had had any idea it was you I would have let you in. I thought it was an officer come to cast me out of my house." O, soul, that loud knocking at thy gate today is not the sheriff come to put you in jail; it is the best friend you ever had come to be your security. You shiver with terror because you think it is wrath. It is mercy. Why, then, tremble before the King of heaven and earth calls you to his palace? Stop trembling and start right away. "Oh," you say, "I can't start. I have been so lamed by sin, and so lamed by evil habit, I can't start. I am lame in both feet." My friend, we come with our prayers and sympathies to help you up to the palace. If you want to get to the palace you may get there. Start now. The Holy Spirit will help you. All you have to do is just to throw yourself on your face at the feet of the King, as Mephibosheth did.

Mephibosheth's caninal comparison seems extravagant to the world, but when a man has seen himself as he really is, and seen how he has been treating the Lord, there is no term vehement enough to express his self-condemnation. The dead dog of Mephibosheth's comparison fails to describe the man's utter loathing of himself. Mephibosheth's posturing does not seem too prostrate. When a soul is convicted, first he prays upright. Then the muscles of his neck relax, and he is able to bow his head. After a while, by an almost superhuman effort he kneels to pray. After awhile, when he has seen God and seen himself, he throws himself flat on his face at the feet of the King, just like Mephibosheth. The fact is, if we could see ourselves as God sees us, we would perish at the spectacle. You would have no time to overhaul other people. Your cry would be, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

And again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul saved for the sake of another. Mephibosheth would never have got into the palace on his own account. Why did David ransack the realm to find that poor man, and then bestow upon him a great fortune, and command a farmer by the name of Ziba to culture the estate and give to this invalid Mephibosheth half the proceeds every year? Why did King David make such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be any use to the throne of Israel? It was for Jonathan's sake. It was what Robert Burns calls for "Auld Lang Syne." David could not forget what Jonathan had done for him in other days. Three times this chapter has it stated all this kindness on the part of David to Mephibosheth was for his father Jonathan's sake. The daughter of Peter Martyr, through the vice of her husband, came down to penury, and the Senate of Zurich took care of her for her father's sake.

Sometimes a person has applied to you for help, and you have refused him; but when you found that he was the son or brother of some one who had been your benefactor in former days, and by a glance you saw the resemblance of your old friend in the face of the applicant, you relented, and you said: "Oh, I will do this for your father's sake." You know by your experience what my text means. Now, my friends, it is on that principle that you and I are to get into the King's palace.

The most important part of every prayer is the last three or four words of it—"For Christ's sake." Do not ratle off those words as though they were merely the finishing stroke of the prayer. They are the most important part of the prayer. When in earnestness you go before God and say, "For Christ's sake," it rolls in, as it were, upon God's mind all the memories of Bethlehem and Golgotha. When you say before God "For Christ's sake," you hold before God's mind every groan, every tear, every crimson drop of his only begotten Son. If there is anything in all the universe that will move God to an act of royal benefaction, it is to say, "For Christ's sake." If a little child should kneel behind God's throne and should say, "For Christ's sake," the great Jehovah would turn around on his throne to look at her and listen. No prayer ever gets to heaven but for Christ's sake. No soul is ever comforted but for Christ's sake. The world will never be redeemed but for Christ's sake. Our name, however illustrious it may be among men, before God stands only for inconsistency and sin; but there is a name, a potent name, a blessed name, a glorious name, an everlasting name, that we may put upon our lips as a sacrament and upon our foreheads as a crown. And that is the name of Jesus, our divine Jonathan, who stripped himself of his robe and put on rags, and who gave up his sword and took our broken reed, so that now, whether we are well or sick, whether we are living or dying, if we speak that name it moves heaven to the center, and God says: "Let the poor soul come in. Carry him up to the throne room of the palace. Though he may have been in exile, though sin may have crippled him on this side, and sorrow may have crippled him on the other side, and he is lame in both his feet, bring him up into the palace, for I want to show him everlasting kindness for Jonathan's sake."

Again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul lifted to the King's table. It was more difficult in those times even than it is now for common men to get into a royal dining room. The subjects might have come around the rail of the palace and might have seen the lights kindled, and might have heard the clash of the knives and the rattle of the golden goblets, but not get in. Stout men with stout feet could not get in once in all their lives to one banquet, yet poor Mephibosheth goes in, lives there, and is every day at the table. Oh, what a getting up in the world it was for poor Mephibosheth! Well, though you and I may be wofully lamed with sin, for our divine Jonathan's sake, I hope we will get in to dine with the king.

Before dinner we must be introduced. If you are invited to a company of persons where there are distinguished people present, you are introduced: "This is the Senator." "This is the governor." "This is the President." Before we sit down at the King's table in heaven I think we will want to be introduced. O, what a time that will be, when you and I, by the grace of God, get into heaven, and are introduced to the mighty spirits there, and some one will say: "This is Joshua." "This is Paul." "This is Moses." "This is John Knox." "This is John Milton." "This is Martin Luther." "This is George Whitefield." Oh, shall we have any strength left after such a round of celestial introduction? Yea! We shall be potentates ourselves. Then we will sit down at the King's table with the sons and daughters of God, and one will whisper across the table to us and say: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" And some one at the table will say: "How long will it last? All other banquets at which I have ended. How long will this last?" And Paul will answer "Forever!" and Joshua will say "Forever!" and John Knox will say "Forever!" and George Whitefield will say "Forever!"

And the wine at this banquet will be old wine; it will be very old wine; it will be the oldest wine of heaven; it will be the wine that was trodden out from the red clusters on the day when Jesus trod the winepress alone. Wine already more than eighteen centuries old. And no one will deride us as to what we were in this world. No one will bring up our imperfections here, our sins here. All our earthly imperfections completely covered up and hidden. Mephibosheth's feet under the table. Kingly fare. Kingly vesture. Kingly companionship. We shall reign forever and ever.

I think that banquet will mean more to those who had it hard in this world than to those who had it easy. That banquet in David's palace meant more to Mephibosheth than to any one else, because he had been poor and cripped, and despised, and rejected. And that man who in this world is blind will better appreciate the light of heaven than we who in this world had good eyesight. And that man who in this world was deaf will better appreciate the music of heaven than we who in this world had good hearing. And those will have a higher appreciation of the easy locomotion of that land who in this world were Mephibosheths.

O my soul, what a magnificent feast! It takes a man so low down and raises him so high! What a gospel! Come now, who wants to be banqueted and empalaced? As when ...berforce was trying to get the emancipation bill through the British parliament, and all the British Isles were anxious to hear of the passage of that emancipation bill, when a vessel was coming into port and the captain of the vessel knew that the people were so anxious to get the tidings, he stepped out on the prow of the ship and shouted to the people, long before he got up to the dock, "Free!" and they cried it, and they shouted it, and they sang it through the land, "Free! Free!" So to-day I would like to sound the news of your present and your eternal emancipation until the angels of God hovering in the air, and watchmen on the battlements, and bell men in the town cry it, shout it, sing it, ring it: "Free, free!" I come out now as the messenger of the palace to invite Mephibosheth to come up. I am here to-day to tell you that God has a wealth of kindness to betsow upon you for his Son's sake. The doors of the palace are open to receive you. The cup-bearers have already put the chalices on the table, and the great, loving, tender, sympathetic heart of God bends over you this moment, saying: "Is there any that is yet left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

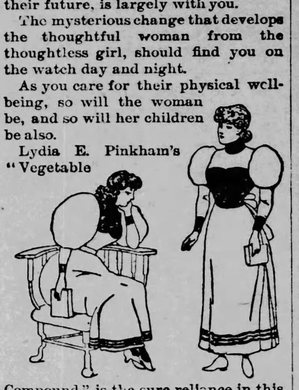
A MOTHER'S DUTY.

Your daughters are the most precious legacy possible in this life.

The responsibility for them, and their future, is largely with you.

The mysterious change that develops the thoughtful woman from the thoughtless girl, should find you on the watch day and night.

As you care for their physical well-being, so will the woman be, and so will her children be also.



Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure reliance in this hour of trial. Thousands have found it the never-failing power to correct all irregularities and start the woman on the sea of life with that physical health all should have.

Womb difficulties, displacements and the horrors cannot exist in company with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Columbia Price Fits Columbia Quality

If Columbias were not worth $100, they wouldn't sell for $100 — uncertain bicycles bring various prices.

Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.

THE M'KINLEYS.

A Blade Representative Has a Pleasant Call at the Canton Homestead.

The residence of Major McKinley is very easy to find, as it is the only house in Canton that is not decorated in his honor.

It is also very easy of access to all who call, and the Major and Mrs. McKinley receive with truly American simplicity and cordiality.

The drawing room is that of a typical American home filled with cosy chairs, books, music and pictures, and instinctively the visitor feels that sense of rest and content that always steals over one upon entering a room in which the occupant has left some of his own individuality, quite different from the feeling with which a place purely the work of the decorator and furnisher gives.

So much has been written about Mrs. McKinley that every one must be familiar with the description of her

MRS. WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

strong, sweet face, with its softly waving hair, but one must see and speak with her to appreciate the cordial yet dignified manner in which she greets her guests; the delightful way in which she puts one immediately at ease, making him feel that she is sincerely glad to meet all who call on her distinguished husband.

In a little chat with her last week—the day after she had greeted five thousand Endeavorers, beside innumerable callers, friends and acquaintances—the charm of all this was apparent, for no fatigue was shown either in face or voice, as she spoke of Canton, the weather, the Endeavorers, and the usual things that go to make up a morning call.

Speaking of the pictures with which the country is flooded of Governor McKinley, the one taken by Sarony was shown as the best, and it is the only one which has caught the expression of kindliness as well as firmness that is noted on the face of the next President of the United States.

If there is one trait of character of which we, as Americans, are especially proud, it is the devotion of the average American man to his wife, and had the gift of the famous "filch of bacon" been an American institution instead of English, each year it would have been given to Major McKinley and his charming wife. McG.

WAS JUST GOING TO SAY.

But the Car Started and She Lost Her Opportunity.

They sat side by side on one of the first open street cars of the season—two middle aged women, to whom the "art of conversation" was evidently a dear delight. According to the Detroit Free Press, the one with the bonnet with nine red roses on it got started first by saying:

"And I said to Mary Ellen, says I, 'Mary Eleen, that's no way to act when John Henry is trying to do his best to get along.' I talked right up to her, because she needed it, and——"

"Yes, and I was going to say that——"

"Of course she needed it, and I being old enough to be her mother, she'd stand it better from me than from some others and——"

"Yes, but I was just going to say that——"

"It's pleasant to have the open cars on again, isn't it? One can see everything. It rests me to ride on the open cars, and I often come out just for the ride; but this warm weather won't last. It wouldn't s'prise me to see more snow."

"No, nor me either; but what I was going to say was——"

"Did you ever see the hats and bonnets as gay as they are this spring? And don't they come high? Well, I guess! Lucy Martin got her a $20 bonnet last week, and there isn't much on it either. How she can feel like putting that much into a bonnet in their circumstances is a mystery to me. But dress is everything to some folks."

"Yes, that's so; but I was going to say——"

"Did you know that the Tynglys had a little boy? Yes, they have, and I guess the city can hardly hold Sam Tyngly. You know they've had five girls right along and no boy. I call that pretty bad luck."

"I think it is. I was just going to say that——"

"A cousin of mine once had seven little boys before she had a girl, and they fairly worshiped the child when it did come! My! she was a spoiled piece! Have you noticed that the Springers are painting their house?"

"Yes, and it needed it bad enough. But I was going to say——"

"I was over to Mrs. Springer's the other day. She had her face all tied up with the neuralgia, and two o' the children had the mumps, and they'd just got over the measles, and you know they had scarlet fever in the house all of last fall. I'd hate to have their doctor bills."

"So would I. I was going to say——"

"Oh, I get off here. Come and see me—do! I'm real glad I met you! What a nice long talk we've had, haven't we?"

"Yes, and I was going to say——"

But the car went on, and she never said it.

A Great Opportunity Lost.

Theosophist Lecturer—And so, my friends, when the mighty thought waves from another sphere come dashing in upon the sandy shoals of our daily life, we may freely cast ourselves in'o their resistless surges and obtain strength and vigor, without money and without price.

Real Estate Man (in audience)—Can you tell me, sir, the distance of that beach from the city, its railroad facilities, relative percentage of mosquitoes, license rates, probable value of land, who holds the option, why never boomed, be——

(Just then he was washed out of the hall by a whole series of dark-blue thought billows from the platform.)—Town Topics.

The Worm Will Turn.

Mr. Meekton's wife was eyeing him suspiciously as he ate his breakfast.

"You don't seem to like the biscuits," she said. "What is the matter with them?"

"Oh, nuthin' much."

"Then why don't you eat them?"

"I don't feel much like eatin' biscuits this morning."

"Then there must be something the matter with them or with you."

"Well, to tell you the truth, they're a little more burnt than I ordinarily like 'em. And I hope you won't think I am fault finding and not willing to make allowances. I know that human nature's human nature, and it isn't with any idea of blame that I remark that lately when ye ain't scorchin' on the bicycle ye're scorchin' on the cook stove. I s'pose the two just naturally go together."—Washington Star.

The Reason.

Teacher—William, you were not at school yesterday. Have you any excuse to offer?

William—I was sick, ma'am.

"When you are sick your parents usually send an excuse."

"Parents didn't know it,ma'am."

"How is that?"

"Wasn't taken sick until after I left home."

"And why didn't you return home?"

"Was afraid to, ma'am."

"What was the matter with you?"

"Cigarettes, ma'am."—Omaha Bee.

The Unfortunate Typewriter.

Mrs. Wallace—Isn't that a rather pretty girl Mr. Ferry has as a typewriter?

Mrs. Perry—I guess she is. It is a pity she is so deaf. Mr. Ferry has to lean right over her shoulder when dictating a letter.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

1—Gracious! that's just what I want.

2—Oh, there's nothing like the comfort of a good hammock.

3—What a funny story! ha! ha! ha!

4—Ha! ha!

Hood's Pills

Restore full, regular action of the bowels, do not irritate or inflame, but leave all the delicate digestive organism in perfect condition. All druggists. 25c. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THY SEA.

I know a sea, a wond'rous sea,
Stretching far as the eye doth reach;
There is light on its billows, light for me,
Yet my waving sea hath no beach.

The winds play over its billowy deep;
Gladsome waves come dancing along.
Its lights and shadows seem never to sleep,
And it murmurs a low, sweet song.

There's many a port—where hunger-moans ring—
That beckons with eager hand;
Now sighing for succor it's waves shall bring,
When they sweep o'er her famished land.

Come gentle sounds, ever, over my sea;
Sounds, ah, so rippingly sweet!
Always soft voices are calling to me,
Over my sea of green wheat.

—Phebe M. Shotwell.

WILLIE AT THE THEATRE.

His Mother Seemed to Be Having a Terrible Time of It for Awhile.

Willie's mamma had promised to take him to the theatre if he would only stop asking so many foolish questions, says the Philadelphia Enquirer. Willie had been there with his uncle once before.

When Willie went to sleep that night his little mind was filled with visions of theatre Indians, scouts, outlaws, prairie maidens, stage coaches and all the whatnots of a Western drama.

He slept very late the next day and his mamma had to wake him.

"Come, Willie," she said, "it's almost time to go to the matinee. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sleeping so late."

"So Willie got up, and two hours after that he and his mamma were seated in the theatre.

Willie never said a word till a cowboy ran across the stage, followed by an Indian. Then he commented:

"Mamma, what did that man run across the stage for?"

His mamma, deeply engrossed in the play, answered mechanically:

"He was running for his life."

"Who had it, mamma?"

"Who had what?"

"His life."

"Oh, he had it, of course; now don't bother me!"

"I thought you said he was running for it."

"So he was."

"Well, what was he running for it for when he had it?"

"Oh, goodness, Willie, you don't understand. That Indian you saw following him was after it."

"I thought you said the man was after it himself."

"No, no, the man was running to save his life."

"Who was he going to save it for?"

"He wants it himself, of course."

"I thought you said the Indian wanted it?"

"Yes, but the man ain't going to let him have it."

"Why?"

"Willie, if you don't shut up, I'll take you right home."

"What for?"

"Because I want to listen to the play."

"Is the band going to play?"

"No!"

"I thought you said you wanted to listen to it."

"I mean what the actors are talking about."

"Mamma——" Just then the bell rang for a drop.

"Mamma, there goes the telephone. Did the Indian catch the man?"

"I don't know."

"What will he do if he does catch him?"

"Why, he's supposed to take his scalp."

"What's that?"

"He cuts his hair off."

"Is he a barber?"

"Who?"

"The Indian."

"No!"

"Ain't the man got enough money to go to a barber?"

"Willie, will you hush and watch the play?"

"Are they going to play ball?"

"No!"

"I just heard a man tell somebody to make for home as fast as he could."

"He's going for help."

"Servant girls?"

"No, soldiers."

"Do soldiers do housework?"

"No. In the field."

"Left field or right field?"

"Goodness me! what are you talking about, anyhow?"

"The play——"

A long shrill whistle is heard behind the scenes.

"Mamma, here comes a policeman."

"No. That's a signal."

"Is it a cold wave signal?"

"No. The soldiers are in ambush."

"Who's he?"

"Who?"

"Ham Bush?"

"Oh, Willie, the soldiers are hiding in the grass."

"Can't he see them?"

"Who?"

"Ham Bush."

"Willie, the soldiers are hiding in the grass. They expect the Indians to come this way, and they are going to save the the prisoners when the old scout gives them the cue."

"Are the prisoners Chinamen?"

"No! No!! No!!!"

"Didn't you say the scout was going"

"I mean when the scout gives them the signal by raising his hat."

"Why don't he raise a flag?"

"He hasn't got any."

"Well——"

Before Willie can say another word the band strikes up sneak music, and a number of Indians came creeping on the stage, followed by others, leading the prisoners. The old scout raises his hat; the soldiers leap from ambush and fall upon the Indians; a general fight ensues, and, amid the din of discharging guns and pistols, the clash of steel, the yell of Indians, the cheers of eight soldiers and the tremendous applause, an Indian leaps from the stage and fastens his fingers in Willie's hair; there's the flash of a bowie knife, and—Willie awoke.

BRILLIANTS.

"So we'll go no more a-roving,
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright;
For the sword outwears its sheath
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.
Though the night was made for loving,
And day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

—Anonymous.

Border Lands.

Through all the evening,
All the virginal long evening,
Down the solemn aisle of blossoms it is
dread to walk alone;
For there the intangible is nigh, the lost is
ever-during;
And who would suffer beneath the old and
too divine alluring,
Keen as the ancient drift of sleep on dying
faces blown?

Yet in a valley,
At the turn of the orchard alley,
When a wild aroma touched me in the
moist and moveless air,
Like breath indeed from out thee, or as
airy vesture round thee,
Then was it I went faintly, for fear I had
nearly found thee,
O hidden, O perfect, O desired! the first
and the final Fair.

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—Francis W. Bourdillon.

Summer Night.

I feel the breath of the summer night,
Aromatic fire;
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,
Enamored with light;
And a thousand creatures softly sing
A song to the night!

But I am alone, and how can I sing
Praises to thee?
Come, Night! unveil the beautiful soul
That waiteth for me.

—Elizabeth Stoddard.

He Didn't Wait.

The visitor slammed his hat down on a chair, stood his cane up in the corner and approached the editor fiercely.

"Sir," he said, "I've got a kick coming!"

The editor looked up from the able screed he was attempting to write and replied:

"This is the place to get it, James!"

But the visitor didn't wait.

The Sunday School.

God's Promises to David.

LESSON IV., JULY 26, 1896.

Golden Text: In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.—Psa. 71:1.

(2 Sam. 7: 4-16. Memory verses: 12,13.)

Read 2 Samuel 7:1-29.

4. And it came to pass that night, that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying:

5. Go and tell my servant David, Thus saith the Lord, Shalt thou build me a house for me to dwell in?

6. Whereas I have not dwelt in any house since the time that I brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt, even to this day, but have walked in a tent and in a tabernacle.

7. In all places wherein I have walked with all the children of Israel spake I a word with any of the tribes of Israel, whom I commanded to feed my people Israel, saying, Why build ye not me a house of cedar?

8. Now therefore, so shalt thou say unto my servant David, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I took thee from the sheepcote, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people, over Israel:

9. And I was with thee whithersoever thou wentest, and have cut off all thine enemies out of thy sight, and have made thee a great name, like unto the name of the great men that are in the earth.

10. Moreover, I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more; neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them any more, as beforetime.

11. And as since the time that I commanded judges to be over my people Israel, and have caused thee to rest from all thine enemies. Also the Lord telleth thee that he will make thee a house.

12. And when thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, which shall proceed out of thy bowels, and I will establish his kingdom.

13. He shall build a house for my name, and I will stablish the throne of his kingdom for ever.

14. I will be his father, and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men:

15. But my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul, whom I put away before thee.

16. And thine house and thy kingdom shall be established for ever before thee: thy throne shall be established for ever.

Illustrative Applications.

The word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying, Go and tell my servant David (vs. 4, 5). When the Lord speaks to us, it may be for the sake of some one else, rather than for our own sake. He may call us in order that he may call another. As with God's message, so with other gifts of God,—they may come to us, while they are meant for another. Wo be to us if we keep for ourselves what God gave to us for another! Stolen gifts cannot profit us, although we have power to misuse them, by failing to pass them along to their rightful owner.

Spoke . . a word—saying. Why have ye not built me an house of cedar (v. 7). We ought always to be ready to heed God's directions. But we cannot obey God's directions until God gives them. There is a danger of running before we are sent. In an army campaign, subordinates must wait for the commander's orders. Zeal must keep within the limits of knowledge. No matter how bright or how brave a subordinate is, he has no right to begin a battle on his own front before he is told to. In God's service, the study of God's plan and of God's providences is essential to wise work in the humblest sphere of Christian labor.

I took thee from—following the sheep, that thou shouldest be prince over my people—I have been with thee whithersoever thou wentest,—and I will make thee a great name (vs. 8, 9). All promotion, as well as all preservation, is from God. Any right prominence that any of us may have before our fellows is of God's gift, not of our own attainment. It is justly a cause of gratitude to God, not a self gratulation. What folly then, for any man to seek advancement except in the line of God's service, and so of God's purposes! No man can be uplifted except by God's favor. He who puts himself at the Lord's bidding, and stands or moves at the Lord's command, will have just as high a station as the Lord sees it best for him to have; and no effort or struggle of the man himself, or of his admiring fellows, can lift him beyond that point of attainment.

When thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers (v. 12). Every man has his day in the plan of God. That day has its possibilities and its limitations. No man ever yet filled more than his own day in the world's history, although many a man has wasted his life in trying to do so. Most men, however, fall far short of their possibilities in God's service—in the day which God has given to them. It would be a great thing for the world if every man—even if every Christian disciple—should do as well as he can do, and should fill fully his own day in the world.

I will set up thy seed after thee. God's promises are not limited to the present generation. They include those who come after us. And every promise of God for our children is just as sure, is to be depended on just as fully, as one of his promises to ourselves. We can plan for our children, we can pray for our children, we can surround our children with the choicest influences available, we can train our children to the extent of our ability and our wisdom; but our hope for our children must be in what God does for them, and in what God does in them. Our only confidence in their behalf can be, that whatever God has promised concerning them shall be made good to the uttermost.

I will be his father, and he shall be my son; if he commit iniquity, I will chasten him—but my mercy shall not depart away from him (vs. 14, 15). There is a vast difference between a father's loving chastisement of a son whom he is training with tenderness and patient considerateness, and the punishment which a sovereign inflicts on a guilty culprit who has set himself in open defiance of the laws of the realm. This is a difference which every child of God needs to bear in mind in his estimate of his Father's dealings with him. Loving chastisement, not condign punishment, is what God metes out to his earthly children. He trains them by chastisement; he does not condemn them to punishment. And a blessed thing it is when we can count our children God's children; when we can feel assured that, though he will chastise them for their good, his mercy will not be turned away from them.—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

A Million Gold Dollars

Would not bring happiness to the person suffering with dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many thousands of cases of this disease. It tones the stomach, regulates the bowels and puts all the machinery of the system in good working order. It creates a good appetite and gives health, strength and happiness.

HOOD'S PILLS act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills. 25c.

BOTH LOST.

A Childish Wager With a Sentimental Ending.

This story was told to some reporters at the city hall by Detective McKenna, says the Philadelphia Call.

About ten years ago a boy and a girl were talking to each other about love and marriage, and each was emphatic in the assertion that the other would marry first. So they decided to make a wager, of which the terms were that the one who should first wed should celebrate the event by parading the streets clad in the garments they then wore.

This appeared very satisfactory to both, as each was positive the other would be the one to pay the penalty.

This wager, of course, was kept a profound secret outside the circle of some intimate friends.

Last Monday the pedestrians on Chestnut street were greatly surprised and amazed to behold a tall man clad in a very comical costume. He wore a pair of very tight trousers, which did not reach his knee, and a pair of black stockings which were equally wanting in length to cover his lower legs. His jacket was so small that it was bursting all over with the strain of its contents, and over all was a round schoolboy's cap, perched on the back of his head. To add to the mystery of the situation the curiously groomed man was followed by a very pretty young woman, who was similarly garbed in clothing that must have belonged to some child of long ago. Not much could be seen, however, of her costume, as she wore a long wrap. The reader will readily guess the explanation of the strange exhibition.

The Great Conundrum of 1896.

That's what's the matter with Hanna! What?
McKinley and Hobart.—N. Y. Sun.

FOR A FIVE-YEAR-OLD.

White Muslin, Embroidered in Fast Cotton Colors, is the Newest. Summer Idea.

Women who have babies 5 years old to dress are glad of the graceful fashion that allows them to show their needlework as their own mothers did years ago. The embroidered muslin dress is in the wardrobe of most little summer misses.

To embroider a muslin dress for a child select a heavy muslin, or one that, though thin, has stoutness of thread to recommend it. Remember that a child is to wear it and that it will be laundered weekly. Have the muslin plain and

WHITE WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

snowy white. Some muslin has a cloudiness that destroys the effect of the embroidery.

Cut out the little dress in a plain straight pattern. A box-pleat in front and back is always a pretty style for a child. For the embroidered part select the box pleat. Trace down the middle of it a coarse vine pattern. You can do it with a lead pencil independent of the stamper. Sketch also a few buds and a little scallop each side.

For embroidering get colored marking cotton warranted to wash. Work the vine in brown or green, the leaves in a lighter green and the flowers in blue. Make the pattern variegated and do the work in a long, running, coarse stitch. Around the hem run on a colored pattern, and when all is done you will think you have a little gown straight from the show-windows of a Paris designer. The little muslin hat is a flat one of baby pattern.

Dueling in Hungary.

The criminal court at Buda Pesth had to deal with a case of offense against the dueling laws on the part of two young engineers, Ignaz Reiner and Leo Lichtblau, who were each sentenced to three days' imprisonment, allowance being made for mitigating circumstances.. The couple had come to blows and, following the fashion of the times, they determined to wipe out the insult in blood. Reiner sent Lichtblau a challenge and the seconds arranged for a duel with pistols on the most stringent terms.

The affair did not come off, however, for Lichtblau waited a couple of hours before the appointed time on the police superintendent of eighth division and gave him notice of the impending duel. The superintendent calmly listened to the "brave champion's" detailed report, and then quietly observed that he already knew all about the matter.

"How is that?"

"Why, simply because your opponent was here only an hour ago with a similar statement."—Pesti Naplo.

Apologies.

The head waiter of a certain hotel in Edinburgh is a rather pompous individual, and the frequenters of the hotel quickly learn that he is not to be trifled with. One day at dinner an old Englishman lost a valuable silk handkerchief and, as the head waiter was standing before him, he accused him of stealing it. The waiter, speechless with anger, pointed to the chair on which the Englishman was seated, and the latter rose and observed that he had been sitting on the missing article.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the Englishman penitently.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter, firmly.

"Why?" asked the astonished Englishman.

"Oh, because you only made the slight mistake of taking me for one of your countrymen; but I made the great mistake of thinking you a gentleman."—Scottish Nights.

Truly a Helpmate.

The young physician was tired when he returned from his evening calls and as he settled back in his easy chair, and his pretty wife of only a month or two took a seat beside him, he asked, affectionately:

"And has my little wife been lonely?"

"Oh, no," she said, animatedly. "At least not very. I've something to busy myself with."

"Indeed?" he said. "What is it?"

"Oh, I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're exchanging experiences and teaching each other how to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook?" he asked, interestedly.

"Oh, we send them to the neighbors just to show them what we can do. There's one lodging house gets most of it. It's great fun."

"Dear little woman," he said, leaning over and kissing her. "Thoughtful of your husband's practice; always anxious to extend it."—San Francisco Argus.

An Additional Incentive.

It was during a concert in Cripple Creek.

"What's the name of the piece the guy is singin' now?" asked one miner.

"What will be my angel name?"

"Pardner," said the questioner, as he placed his hand on his seven-shooter, "as he seems to be rale anxious to find out, let's help him a trifle."—Judge.

A City of Great Size.

She—It is out West there somewhere——

He—Illinois?

She—Oh, yes; that sounds like it. Chicago perhaps.

He—Of course; if it is in Illinois it must be in Chicago.

She—Why, is Illinois in Chicago?

He—Mostly.

Not Quite.

"Have you a bicycle, William?"

"No, sir; not quite."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have a bicycle button."—Washington Post.

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the FRAUD of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills

The only perfect

Liver Pill

Take no other,

Even if

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Beware of imitations

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1896.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful one in any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 122,000

MCKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have had so many inquiries for portraits of Hon. Wm. McKinley, that we have made arrangements for a limited number of a very fine picture which Gov. McKinley himself says is "the finest portrait of myself which has ever been made."

It is printed on excellent plate paper, 22 by 28 inches; the face is life size; printed in black on a tinted background; fac-simile of McKinley's signature below; a work of art which is an ornament to any gentleman's library or parlor.

We will mail a copy of this magnificent portrait, in an extra large and heavy pasteboard tube, to any address, on receipt of only 50 cents.

Or, for one dollar, we will send a copy of the Weekly Blade one year and one copy of the picture. To subscribers who send us $1, we will extend their subscriptions for one year from the date of expiration, and mail a copy of the picture. Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

NAMES WANTED.

The Blade wants, as speedily as possible, the addresses of the secretaries of all the Republican clubs in the United States, whether local, county or district.

We ask anybody and everybody who knows the address of any secretary of any Republican club, to send it to us at once on a postal card.

The object we have in getting these addresses is that we wish to communicate with those secretaries on an important matter relative to the Presidential campaign.

ORDER YOUR BICYCLE!

Don't forget that the Blade bicycles are going fast. If you want an $85 bicycle at about half that price, read the advertiffisement on the fifth page of this paper. The wheel is exactly as represented, and the best value for the money that you can get anywhere in the United States.

HILL'S LOGIC UNANSWERED.

The great Democratic convention of 1866 repeated the experience of the Republican gathering of 1880 in the same city. A Presidential candidate has been made by the magic power of a single speech. Garfield's masterly effort was a plea for harmony, which led the conservative members of the convention to his support, as a way out of a deadlock. Bryan's speech was a bit of special pleading for a single plank, and that the vital one, in the platform. So potent was his rhetoric, so adroit his special plea, that it brought to his standard all the one-idead men of the West.

Dick Bland was the logical candidate on a free silver platform. He was the head and front of the 16 to 1 crusade so long as he was in Congress. He was the father of the Bland bill. He would have made a stronger candidate than Bryan, for the latter is really a Populist, and he is a Democrat only because of the free silver idea. The sound money Democrats could have supported Bland because his record as a Democrat is consistent. It will be easier for them to reject Bryan, because he is not a Democrat save in name.

The gold men of the convention are far better satisfied that Bryan won than if some other man had been chosen. It makes far easier their work of organizing the rank and file of sound money Democrats into a new Democratic party, which shall abandon the free silver heresy.

Another thing which will render the reorganization easier is the adroit manner in which David B. Hill forced the convention to adopt a policy of repudiation. He reported from the minority of the resolutions committee an amendment to the majority silver plank pledging the party to legislation maintaining the validity of contracts entered into before the silver bill should become a law. This would mean that if the silver dollar dropped to its bullion value, all kinds of bonds, national, state, municipal and corporate; all paper money issued before that date, as well as all indebtedness of any form should be redeemed in the value in which they were contracted. The amendment was based on the simple justice of the proposition that, as the debtor in each and every case had received gold value, he should pay gold value in return. The convention promptly voted it down. That vote committed the Democratic party to a policy of repudiation and dishonor. Bryan attempted to answer this point in his speech, but his glittering rhetoric can not obscure the cold, hard fact.

RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION.

The interest in the action of the St. Louis convention on the money question has overshadowed its declarations on other important public questions. It spoke out fearlessly on all subjects and on none more so than on the immigration question. Great political parties have been charry on taking action on this problem, and it is to the credit of the Republican party that it stated its position briefly and to the point. It demands the strict enactment of all immigration laws and believes that these laws should be "so extended as to exclude from entrance to the United States those who can neither read nor write."

The present Congress considered several bills looking to an educational qualification for admission to this country. The House passed a bill excluding all males between the ages of 14 and 60 who cannot read and write the English or some other language. The Senate offered a substitute differing slightly from the House bill, but the Senate bill did not pass and neither measure became a law.

The great mass of the people of all parties agree that some more effective law along this line should be passed. The Republican party, which always stands for America and Americans has plainly stated what it will do and its position is full of sense. The United States should not attempt to educate the ignorant of the world, and the Republican party will act for the people and will put up the bars and keep them out.

Ask the Blade Your Questions!

Wherever two or three men get together, the political issues are the topic of conversation. This is a marked feature of this year's campaign. And have you noticed that, in the course of five minutes, some one will advance a proposition which the others will not accept, but for which they have no answer? Or they challenge proof of the proposition, which he is unable to give?

These people need and desire information on that point, yet they have no ready and direct means of getting it. The Blade has determined to furnish it, if asked.

We find that there are certain points advanced, in almost any locality, which are deemed "stickers." They are "tough questions" to those unfamiliar with the minute details of the tariff and the silver questions.

We propose to answer such questions, in a new department of the paper, to be run from now during the rest of the campaign, called "Tariff and Silver." We will answer ONLY such questions as are sent by actual subscribers to The Blade, whether regular or campaign subscribers.

PLEASE NOTICE!

Make your questions full and clear, stating exactly what you want to know, or the point on which you are in doubt. Give your full name and postoffice address, so that it will be easy to refer to the subscription list and see that you are a subscriber. Address your letter "Political Editor," The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

We shall endeavor to answer all questions sent; but, should more come during any week than can be answered in the space set apart for that purpose, we shall reserve the right to select those to answer—in every case choosing those of the greatest general interest.

WHAT IT MEANS.

In the scores of delegations which are visiting Major McKinley each week are hundreds of working men; in fact many delegations are made up entirely of wage earners from great manufacturing industries. They leave their work, take a day off, and call to pay their respects to the Republican nominee and assure him of their earnest support. This outpouring of workingmen to greet the Republican standard-bearer does not agree with the rantings of the free silverites who are howling that the working men will join them in the crusade against what they term the "plutocrats of Wall street.".

But the vast army of working men know exactly what they are about. They have tested the fruits of Democratic tariff reform and have found them bitter. They know that Democratic rule means less work and less wages. They know that the Republican policy is to protect the laborer and the production of his labor, and they also know that McKinley stands as a champion of this policy. They are not to be led astray by vaporings of misguided men nor by the party which has at every opportunity plunged the country into industrial and financial ruin.

There is a settled determination on the part of wage earners to go back to the American system of protection, the settled policy of the Republican party. This administration is a part of the workingman because it comes home to him every day. He may not proclaim it from the house tops and street corners, but he means it, and there is no power on earth that can change his mind. He is right and he knows he is right. This is why thousands of working men journey to Canton, and this very act proves conclusively that the intelligent common people, the hope of the country, will stand by the Republican party and support its great leader.

DEATH OF HON. FRANK H. HURD.

In the full flood-tide of life, when all faculties are at their best, in early promise of greater achievements, Frank H. Hurd has been summoned by the Great Master.

Ohio mourns the loss of one of her most illustrious sons, Toledo, her most distinguished citizen.

Frank H. Hurd was a man "cast in no common mold." His was a character that bound his friends with bonds like steel. He had enemies, and many of them, but when they reviled him most, they could not help but admire his steadfastness of purpose.

As a politician, Frank Hurd was a hero. History records few cases where a man in public life has thrust the crown from him, even though its acceptance meant a sacrifice of principle. He was a pure theorist and therein lay his political doom. He believed in free trade because he was a student and because the very nature of his life kept him aloof from the practical workings of the tariff. A pioneer in the movement, he held steadily to his course, taking a victory as a natural consequence, a defeat, as an evidence that the people are always slow to adopt a new faith. But he lived to see a Democratic President elected on a tariff platform that approached as near to his idea perhaps as he could hope for. In the earnestness of his belief, it must have been no little disappointment that the people repudiated at the very next election the doctrine that he had fought so long to perpetuate.

It was in '72 that Mr. Hurd was first elected to represent this district in Congress, defeating Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood, and running considerably ahead of his ticket. Thereafter until 1884 he was re-elected in alternate terms, under the free trade banner. It must be remembered that the protection sentiment, even among the Democrats of this district was very strong, and to win against this handicap was an honor indeed, reflecting strongly the personal popularity of the man. Time and again he was urged to make his tariff speeches, in his campaign tours of the district, less ultra, being assured that this alone stood in the way of decisive victory, but as often he refused. A victory won in this manner was to him more humiliating than defeat.

As a member of Congress Mr. Hurd won fame for himself, laurels for the district he represented. His speeches were masterpieces, and whenever he talked, the galleries of the House were filled with an audience thrilled with the rhythm of his oratory and the fervor of his utterances.

The way free silver works in Mexico is thus told by a resident of that country:

It is an old story of how President Diaz brought Mexico to the silver standard. At the present time this country is in the midst of the silver craze, and while every sound money politician cites Mexico as an example, no one makes it strong enough. If gold were the standard in that country at the present time, along with the rule of President Diaz, without a doubt it would be one of the greatest countries in the world. Silver alone has kept it down.

CROSSES AND YARDSTICKS.

"You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

These words were the climax of Bryan's impassioned speech in the Chicago convention, and the free silver men immediately went into an emotional spasm. His splendid oratorical powers had enthused his hearers in a high degree, and this bit of rhetoric set off an explosion.

An emotional outbreak is always short-lived. A wave of suntimentalism on the silver question is sweeping over the country just now; but long before the people are called upon to cast their ballots in November sober reason will have resumed her sway, and the glittering rhetoric of Bryan be subjected to the crucial test of logic. And then it will be seen that Bryan's climax means this:

"You shall not compell us to use the present yardstick. It must be only half the present length."

That is the whole question. Shall the word "dollar" continue to mean the present purchasing power of the unit, or shall it mean only half as much?

This is not a question involving the necessity of going into a fit to discuss. It is a simple business proposition. There is no sentiment nor emotion in it.

Shall we measure our wheat by the present bushel, or decree that the bushel shall contain only half as much as now?

Shall we weigh butter and sugar and flour by the present pound, or have a new pound of only half its weight?

Shall we buy and sell land by acres of the present area, or shall we legislate to make them only half size?

Shall we measure values by the present unit of values, or shall we by law declare that the unit shall have but about half its present value?

These are all cognate propositions, involving the units of capacity, of weight, of area, and of value. Each is a plain question of utility, of convenience and necessity, and would, by any reasonable man, be discussed solely along those lines.

Suppose we make the bushel of only half its present capacity, will one of the new bushels of wheat still sell for the present price, or for only half as much?

If we make a new pound, of only half the present weight, will a new pound of butter bring as much money as the present pound?

If we reduce the area of the acre by one-half, will not the price per acre be halved also?

The value of the coin of ultimate redemption depends upon what the bullion in it is worth in the markets of the world. The value of the gold dollar depends on what 23.22 grains of pure gold is worth as bullion. If we give free coinage to silver at 16 to 1, the value of the silver dollar will be just what 371.25 grains of pure silver is worth as bullion. At present it is worth 52 cents, and this goes up or down with the price of silver bullion.

The word "dollar" has meant in business, the value of 23.22 grains of gold, ever since the passage of the coinage law of 1834, with this exception: From 1862, when specie payments were suspended, to 1878, when we resumed specie payments, a dollar meant just what a greenback dollar was worth; and it went up and down, as the gold gamblers threw the market. Gold gambling stopped with resumption.

If we adopt free coinage, the value of the silver dollar will fluctuate in the same way. Silver gambling—that is, speculation in the price of silver bullion—will send its purchasing power up and down; and who will suffer? The men who work for wages, the farmers, the toilers in field and mill and mine and forge and factory.

And all Mr. Bryan's rhetoric, all his turgid eloquence, cannot change these cold, hard facts, proved time and again in the past history of the world.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN VOTERS.

The German-American vote is a factor which will make itself felt in the money discussion this summer, and at the polls in November. They are, as a body, emphatically in favor of sound money, and opposed to the free silver fallacy. The German-American Sound Money league has just issued a circular which records the result of the League's canvass of the views of this element of our population, which says:

Ninety per cent of the German-American voters are in favor of the maintenance of the present gold standard, and will support only that party which in its platform declares itself unequivocally in favor of that standard; that they will not vote for a Presidential candidate who does not in his letter of acceptance pledge himself to stand by this declaration.

The strength of this sound money sentiment is unerringly indicated also by the attitude of the German press of the United States. There is a total of 581 German newspapers in the United States. Of this number 499 support the present gold standard, only 39 support free coinage, and 43 are doubtful.

The same circular sets forth four facts, which have been established by human history and experience, and which we respectfully submit to the free silver enthusiasts for their careful consideration:

1. That commerce and industry require one standard of exchange.
2. That the government stamp upon coin or paper does not impart any intrinsic value to them, but converts them merely into an instrument of convenience.
3. That the value of money consists in its purchasing power.
4. That the issue by the government of money which in the markets of the world is not accepted for its face value, is a robbery committed by the government against everybody, who is forced to accept said money at its face value, unless the government is ready and able to redeem it at its pretended value.

THE HENLEY RACE.

Yale did not win at Henley. Those who were posted in college athletics and on the condition of the Yale crew did not expect the wearers of the blue to carry off the trophy. In the first place, the course is familiar to the Englishmen, just as the Thames course is familiar to the Yale men. In this alone there is an advantage of many points. Then, too, in the drawing, however fair it may be, experience has shown that the foreigners get the short end of the stick every time. If it's pure luck, it's mighty hard luck.

But if Yale did not win, members of her crew are being royally treated by our English cousins. "There is no loss without some gain," may be trite, but it fits the case exactly. Had Yale won against the strong Leanders, English papers would have found an excuse for roasting the visitors. You hear a good deal about "thorough sportsmen," as applied to the English. It means that they will take advantage of every trick to win, and then it is called diplomacy or skill; but, when, as in the case of the Cornell boys who won from the Leanders last year because, as it was alleged, the captain of the latter crew did not hear the word, the other fellow gains a victory in the squarest sort of manner, it at once becomes unsportsmanlike. Hence the Cornell crew was very unpopular with the men across the water.

Athletes of American colleges would do well to content themselves with home rivalries where they are assured of fair treatment and where the best man has an opportunity to win. If the English think they can best our college crews, let them attempt it over an American course.

All Democrats are not repudiators.

NOW COMES REVOLT.

The silver idol has been enthroned on national dishonor amid a wild carnival. The platform has been made, the candidate named and now comes the sober second thought and with it the crumbling of the Democratic party. The old time leaders and the influential Democratic press are not with the frenzied mob at Chicago. They do not believe that convention is a Democratic gathering and they propose first of all to be good and loyal citizens.

Now comes repudiation. The New York Sun which has fought Democratic battles year after year will not support the Chicago ticket. It says: "The Chicago platform cannot be accepted. Free silver coinage would be national dishonor and a monumental anachronism. Silver has had its day as a money standard. The commerce of civilization, which has used as a medium of exchange pretty much everything from shells to the higher metals, has progressed beyond silver. It has adapted itself to gold, and to gold it will stick until it finds something still more convenient. The silver campaign is based on delusions which have no justification, and on statements which are not so. It cannot prevail, and every sincere believer in fair dealing and in business honor as the foundation of commercial prosperity, must put aside all other purposes and unite for its defeat."

The Sun calls on all Democrats who favor honest money and who hope to crush the enemies of the fundamental principles in which they were bred, to without hesitation or evasion vote for William McKinley.

The New York Herald is equally pronounced in its opposition to the platform. Among other things it says:

"The wild Jacobins who have raided the Chicago convention cannot go before the people as the Democratic party or under its standard. They have not only repudiated the cardinal principles of Democracy and cast to the winds its time honored traditions, but they have wantonly denounced the only Democrat who has led the party to victory since the war and the one who has done the most to save it from the suicidal fate which has now overtaken it. They have launched a new party and must sail under its colors—the party of silverism, repudiation and populism."

The Chicago Chronicle says the money plank is "an assemblage of historical falsehoods and economic errors and heresies, and an anarchistic assault upon the sacred right of private contract."

The Louisville Courier Journal appeals for the nomination of another Democratic ticket. The Philadelphia Times appeals to patriotic citizens to triumph over the foes of national honor. The Baltimore Sun says the question now is to beat Bryan and the way to do it is to vote for McKinley. The New York Times wants all good citizens to rebuke the work done at Chicago. The Boston Herald, New York Evening Post and Brooklyn Eagle also repudiate the platform as does Wash Hesing's Chicago German paper, the most influential German paper in the West.

Prominent Democrats as well as these party organs will have none of Bryan and the anarchistic platform on which he stands. The old Democratic party is ruined beyond hope. This is but the beginning. The revolt will grow. Democrats as well as Republicans are confident that the hope of the country is the election of William McKinley and the restoration to power of the Republican party.

PAYING OUT MONEY.

The treasury department has entered upon the last act in the series of contemptible subterfuges by which it has kept in the treasury between seven and eight millions of dollars, a full year and a half after it was appropriated by Congress. This being the last year of its control of the treasury department, the Democratic party can now afford to be generous with the money: It will be out of power before the end of the fiscal year is reached, and therefore will feel no disgrace from deficiencies which may be announced at the end of the year which has now begun. So it can afford to pile up the expenditures, which it has kept down in the past two fiscal years by refusing to pay out money which it was ordered by Congress to pay.

This being the case, it has begun certifying to the auditor of the treasury the sugar bounty claims for payment. It is about a year and a half since the new tariff law was running very heavy. Comptroller Bowler was required to bear that much of the burden and his "famous" decision was rendered, refusing to pay the claims until the supreme court should act upon them. This stood them off nearly a year. Meantime, however, the deficiency continued at a galloping rate, and although the supreme cout ordered the money to be paid, it was important to keep it in the treasury until after the end of the fiscal year so that the showing should not be any worse than absolutely necessary. So, although the decision of the court was rendered nearly two months ago, the treasury officials have, upon the petty pretense that they must have time to scale down the claims, held back the money until the fiscal year is ended, and the one which is to lap over onto the next Republican administration is begun. Now, on the very first day of the new fiscal year, it announces its readiness to begin the payment of these claims, which have been lying in the treasury for more than a year, and for which the money has been appropriated much more than a year.

Having kept this payment from swelling the deficit of one fiscal year by refusing to obey an act of Congress, and having kept it out of the deficit of another fiscal year by a petty plea of adjusting the appropriation to the claims, which should have been done fifteen months ago, it is now able to put into the deficit of the fiscal year which will not end until after the administration is out of office, this seven and a half millions of dollars.

To do this it has refused to obey an act of Congress, permitted itself to be held up to contempt and stern rebuke by the supreme court of the United States, obtained the deserved contempt and denuciation of the Democrats of a Democratic state, and even held the decision of the supreme court at arms length for nearly sixty days. But it succeeded, and the money for the sugar bounty comes out of the proceeds of a year which will not end until the Democratic party shall have sneaked out of office with a deficit of $200,000,000 to mark its control of the treasury and revenue laws of the country.

Mr. Sewall is president of a national bank and stands upon a platform which denounces national banks. Mr. Sewall the banker, and Mr. Sewall, the candidate, had better have a harmony meeting.

McKinley delivered the keynote of the Republican campaign at Canton Saturday. His speech is in marked contrast to the utterances heard from Chicago last week.

The construction of the Democratic cabinet has not begun.

Tariff and Silver Queries.

A Correction.

In last week's issue, in the answer headed "Legal Tender Money," we made an erroneous statement. Here is the correct one:

Q.—Subsidiary silver coin (halves, quarters, dimes,) legal tender up to $10.

A Correction—Possibly.

"I think the editor should be more careful and precise in answering the questions asked. For instance, the question was asked by P. R. M., Soldiers' Home, Boise, Idaho, 'To what extent is silver a legal tender?' The editor's reply was, that the silver dollar is a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, to any amount. But the law reads as follows: 'The silver dollars shall be a legal tender at their nominal value, for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract.' "—A. P. Shepherd, Mich.

The language of the law has been printed so many times lately in The Blade that we did not deem any one wouldn't understand it. The same exception—unless otherwise stipulated in the contract—holds good as to gold, or any other form of money. That point has been decided by the United States Supreme court. A man may make a contract to pay in wheat, or in labor, or in pork, or in silver dollars, or in greenbacks, or in gold, or in anything else, and that contract is valid. Hence, the Populist who picked that flaw in an answer was simply ignorant.

The other flaw you pick is similar. It is perfectly proper, in figuring the circulation per capita during the war time and up to resumption, to calculate on a gold basis, and take the value of the depreciated greenbacks in gold. A depreciated dollar won't buy as much as a full value one, will it? Suppose we should say that France has a per capita circulation of 120 francs, while that of the United States is but $24 per capita; does that mean that France has five times the per capita that we have? By no means. It takes five francs to buy as much as one of our dollars; so you would have to divide the 120 francs by 5, to get both to an equivalency, and then you would see the per capita is the same in both. To compare the per capita now when a dollar means a gold dollar, with 1864, for instance, when a dollar meant a greenback dollar, worth only about 38 cents in gold, is quite as absurd.

Again, your Populist's answer was no answer at all. He asked why The Blade did not reduce the silver dollars now to gold value, as it calls them 50-cent dollars? The reason we did not is plain. They are only 50-cent dollars in actual worth, but they are exchangeable for gold. You can exchange them anywhere for greenbacks or Sherman notes, and the Treasury will redeem these in gold. But the free silver proposition is to make them basic money, like gold is with us now; and that means that they would circulate only at their bullion value, or half what they now will buy.

We are glad to have points where we have presumed on the information our correspondents already have. We know we are on the side of right and honesty, on the side of the farmers and workingmen, and on the side of the best interests of the whole country.

Legal Tender Again.

"Were the standard silver dollars coined prior to 1873 a legal tender between February 12, 1873, and February 28, 1878?

"The reason I ask is this: 'The said dollar was dropped from the list of coins of the United States February 12, 1873, by section 3513, U. S. statutes; sec. 3586 makes the silver coins legal tender for $5. Did this include only the coins named in sec. 3513, or did it extend to the dollars coined prior to 1873?"

"I notice the title of the act of February 28, 1878, is as follows: 'The act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal-tender character.' Now if the legal tender qualities of the said standard dollar was not taken away in '73, it looks as if the title of the act need not have recited 'to restore its legal-tender character,' as that would have remained, and it would have only been necessary to recite 'an act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar.' "—W. A., Stockton, Mo.

The act of 1873 left the legal tender quality of all silver dollars coined up to that time unimpaired. But the act of June 22, 1874, reproduced in sec. 3586, Revised Statutes of the United States, says that all the silver coins "shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for any amount not exceeding $5 in one payment."

This act took away the unlimited legal tender power of the silver dollar, which was restored by the Bland law—the act of February 28, 1878—quoted by you.

But why argue about the act of 1873? It has nothing whatever to do with the present issue. Discussion of it is simply "chewing the rag."

What is a "Dollar?"

"Why does The Blade insist that the commercial value of silver under a free coinage act, will remain the same as at present? Under such a law, will not the silver bullion that it takes to make a dollar be worth exactly one dollar, less the expense of coinage? In other words, if I have enough silver to make 100 silver dollars, and the expense of coinage should be 2 per cent, what could make that amount of bullion worth less than $98?"—C. E. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Above is one of the points which so many people do not seem to understand. Let us see whether we can make it plain.

Bar silver on Saturday, July 11, sold at 21½ pence an ounce. Now, the question is, if the United States admitted free of coinage, would silver bullion rise at once to double its present price, or 63 pence per ounce?

Most emphatically, no. What would make it? To coin silver is not to consume it. The coined silver is quite as much a part of the stock on hand as are silver bars. It is a law of trade that demand increases price; but that applies only to articles that are consumed, like wheat, cloth, coal, leather, coal oil, sugar, and so on. When these are sold to the people, they are consumed. They can not be sold over again. But coins, whether of gold or silver, are not consumed by coinage. They are part of the stocks of gold or silver, quite as much as they were before. The market for coinage metals depends entirely on supply and the demand for them in the arts, not on coinage.

We hope that point is clear. Now for the other. To admit silver to free coinage in the United States would be to change, in effect, the meaning of the word "dollar." It now means the bullion value of 23.22 grains of pure gold. Under free coinage the word "dollar" would then mean the bullion value of 371.25 grains of pure silver. That is about half what the dollar means now.

Therefore, the price of silver, would not really rise. It would simply be counted in dollars of less value. But its actual value in the markets of the world would not necessarily be changed. Now do you see it? If not, state the difficulty, and we will try it again.

The Ratio Change in 1834.

"In the change of ratio from 15 to 1 to 16 to 1, in 1834, the change was made in the gold money, and not in the silver; that is, instead of putting more silver in a silver dollar to make the difference, they put less gold in the gold dollar. This probably was done because there were more silver coins in circulation than gold; but if, as claimed, gold never changes in price, how can the 'dollar' be the same value before and after the change? If we had been on a silver basis alone I could understand it; but it is supposed that we were either on a double basis, or possibly a gold standard."—E. T. M., Rich Hill, Mo.

The reason was exactly as you give it. There was no gold in circulation. Gold coin was worth more than its face as bullion; so it was sold as bullion. There are some things no law can do; and one of them is, it can not make two things which have not the same value sell for the same money. We were in fact, though not in law, on a silver basis.

The gold coins were scaled down in an endeavor to bring them to an equality with silver. But the thing was overdone. They were made worth less than the silver dollar. Hence gold rushed over here as fast as the slow-sailing vessels could bring it, and silver went out as bullion.

No one, to our knowledge, claims that gold was changed in absolute value. What The Blade says, and what is proved by the history of the world for centuries, is, that its universal use as money by all the foremost nations of the world gives it greater stability than any other product known to man. We think it is slowly depreciating in value at the present time, because of the enormous increase in production of late years.

The Act of 1873.

"I have been pleased with what seems to me a fair, honest way of dealing with political questions. My neighbors are square and honest men, but a large majority of them are 16 to 1 fellows, and tell me if we cannot get free silver we are gone up. They talk of the 'crime of 1873,' as they call it. Now please tell me, were the people wronged by that famous act?

"Why was it necessary to stop coining the silver dollar, when the silver it contained was worth as much as a gold dollar in the markets of the civilized world?

"Did anybody see the tons of silver at that time, hidden in the bowels of the earth?"—W. A. C., Socorro, N. M.

Nobody was wronged by it. There was no coin in circulation, and had not been for eleven years. What was the sense in allowing the coinage of a piece which had never been in actual circulation since about 1834, because it was worth more as bullion than its face? The silver production was increasing, but no one dreamed the immense amount there was hidden in the West.

What the St. Louis Plank Means.

"Does the financial platform, as adopted at the St. Louis convention, mean that gold shall be the only kind of money in circulation, and that silver will be driven out of circulation altogether? I feel that this is an important question, and one not very well understood by the people. I find quite a difference of opinion among the people in regard to this question. Some think that that is what it means; others think it means to leave the money just as it is at present. Please explain."—O. H. B., Shaw, Ill.

That plank means to leave things just as they are. The plank does not mean that gold shall be the only kind of money. It means that all our money shall be of gold value. It means to have all the paper money we need, but to have every paper dollar buy as much as a gold dollar. It means to keep our silver in circulation, and to hold the silver dollar up to its face value, as it is held now, and not drop to the bullion value, about 52 cents, as it would under free coinage.

Weight of Gold Coins.

A letter from S. P. K., Toledo, is rather badly written and hard to decipher. So far as we can make out, the following answers the point:

In the previous numbers of this series of answers, we have always given the number of grains of PURE gold or silver in the coins, when we have referred to the matter.

Section 3511, United States Revised Statutes, says the one-dollar gold piece, "at the STANDARD weight of 25.8 grains, shall be the unit of value." Note the word "standard." "Standard" gold is nine-tenths pure gold and one-tenth alloy. Hence the gold dollar has 23.22 grains of pure gold, and 2.58 grains of alloy, making its total weight 25.8 grains. The $5 piece, by the same section, is ordered to weigh 129 standard grains; the $10 piece, 258 standard grains; the $20 piece, 516 grains. To get the weight of pure gold, deduct 10 per cent and you have it.

The silver dollar contains 412.5 grains of standard silver, or 371.25 grains pure silver and 41.26 grains alloy. Does this answer you?

Coinage Facts.

"Please tell me if we have any money in a primary sense, but gold, and if not, if greenbacks, silver, nickel and copper are directly redeemable in gold."—F. M. B., Dwale, Va.

The basis of our currency system is ordained by law to be the gold dollar. Hence it is the only primary money we have.

Greenbacks and Treasury notes of 1890 are legal tender, but they are simply promises to pay "dollars"; and as the gold dollar is the legal standard, this means gold dollars, so long as that law stands.

The silver dollar is a legal tender for all purposes in any amount. The metal in it is worth a little over 50 cents, but it passes for its face value, and will buy as much as a gold dollar, because you can exchange silver dollars for an equal amount in greenbacks or Treasury notes, and the government will redeem them in gold.

Subsidiary silver coins—half-dollars, quarter dollars and dimes—are legal tender in not more than $10 in one payment. The minor coins—nickel and bronze—are legal tender up to 25 cents. Th subsidiary silver and minor coins are redeemed by the government. But these smaller coins have nothing to do with the silver question. They do not enter into the discussion at all. The only question is, shall the silver dollar be made primary money at a weight which makes it only half as valuable as the present standard?

Enough Gold.

"Is it true that there is not enough gold to pay the interest on the public debt?"—H. D. H., Bureau, Ill.

Nevertheless, the interest is paid in gold twice a year with regularity. The is simply one of the absurd Populist statements. The amount of gold coin in the United States is, in round numbers, $600,000,000. It is being added to by new coinage all the time. The only danger of not having gold enough arises out of this silver folly, which is a wild desire to compel the use of a poor money in place of a good one.

Redemption of Bonds.

"The statement is made by a bolting Republican that the bonds of the United States which the resumption act authorizes are payable, interest and principal, at the option of the government, in silver dollars of 412½ grains each of standard silver. Please give the facts."—J. M., Anson, Kan.

The bonds merely use the word "dollars." Thus, a $1,000 bond promises to pay "one thousand dollars." It does not specify what kind of dollars. But the gold dollar is by law the standard dollar. Therefore, the government pays them in gold, or in money as good as gold—for holders, for convenience, generally would sooner have greenbacks than gold, as they are more convenient and are redeemable in gold.

Production of Silver.

"The United States produces what proportion of the world's silver?"—J. E. S., Kempton, Ill.

The total production of silver by the whole world in 1894—the latest statistics we have, was 166,601,995 fine ounces, of which the United States produced 49,500,000 fine ounces. Mexico comes next with about 48,000,000 fine ounces. The rest comes from Australasia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, French Guiana, Peru, Uruguay, Central America, Japan, China, Africa (about 30,000,000 fine ounces), British India, and a few other places.

A Large Silver Dollar.

"Will a silver dollar be larger if a dollar's worth of silver is put in it?"—J. J. W., Kewanna, Ind.

Certainly. If you put a gold dollar's worth of silver into the silver dollar, it would have to weigh almost twice what it does now.

The Right of Contract.

"If a contract be made payable in any particular kind of money, can such contract be redeemed by the tendering of any other kind of money, as: A promises to pay B $100 in silver, or, A promises to pay $100 in gold?"—L. O. S., South Solon, O.

The United States supreme court has held that two men have a perfect right to make a contract payable in gold, or in any other specified form of money, the same as they have to make a contract for the delivery of a specified quantity of wheat, or of labor, or of gold bullion, or of pig iron, or any other commodity.

The Act of 1873.

"What is the act of 1873, concerning silver? What does the demonetization of silver mean?"

The coinage law of 1873 was a codification, revision and amendment of all the laws relating to the coinage, the mints and assay offices of the United States. It dropped the silver dollar from the list of coins authorized. The free silver men use the term, "demonetization of silver" to mean not allowing owners of silver to take it to the mint and have it coined into silver dollars free of charge.

A COSTLY FOLLY.

Do the people of this country understand what this senseless silver agitation is costing them? Every one knows, to his cost, that business is stagnant, and labor poorly paid. If this were the case the world over, then we might look for some world-wide cause, and could not expect to be in any better condition than the remainder of the great civilized nations. But they are prosperous. The general trade condition in Europe is good; the great increase in the production of gold has made money unusually abundant; and the industries abroad are, as a rule, as prosperous as they are unprofitable here.

The cause, with us, is two-fold. First is the injurious and deficit-making Democratic tariff law. But the people have made up their minds concerning this, and are ready to elect McKinley and a Republican Congress to enact a properly protective tariff law. With this certain, business would revive, idle money seek productive channels, and an era of prosperity set in at once, were it not for the free silver drawback. In countries where there is no silly effort to upset the standard of values, industry is active, labor well employed, and general prosperity. But because of the silver enthusiasts here, trade is bad with our merchants, work is scarce for our workingmen, and the people can not buy freely of the products of the farmer.

All this follows because of the fear of a depreciated currency. Idle capital will not invest when there is danger that the dollars it lays out will be repaid in dollars having half the purchasing power of those loaned. We must wait until November, when the people will pronounce the doom of this senseless and wasteful agitation. They can not be fooled on this question long, now that its fallacies and absurdities are being shown up daily.

There need be no fear of Mr. Bryan being too young when he is elected President. He will be a great deal older than he is now when that event happens.

Four years ago Bryan preached the doctrine of free trade and declared it was the one need of the working man. Will the workingmen say Mr. Bryan is a safe leader?

Nebraska Populists endorse Bryan. They know him to be one of their number.

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We are making the price of the Weekly Blade, to three months' campaign subscribers, less than the actual cost of paper and postage, so as to circulate at least a quarter of a million copies. We ask our friends at every postoffice to aid us in securing a three months' subscription from every person in their neighborhood.

We will send our confidential campaign terms on application to any one who will try to get up a club. We want everybody who can send us from 10 to 300 names at a remarkably low price to write for our campaign terms, and for sample copies of the Weekly Blade, which will be sent free.

The campaign price of three months is put so low that we do not like to publish it in this article; but incidentally we will say that a single three-months' subscription will not be more than 10 cents, and to clubs even cheaper. Besides we propose to offer

TEN CASH PREMIUMS

to the ten persons who send us the ten largest clubs of three months' subscribers during July, the same offer to be duplicated for August.

At the phenomenally low rate we make any energetic person may secure several hundred three months' subscribers. Try one club, and see how easily names are secured; after which send additional clubs as rapidly as possible, numbering the names sent consecutively down to the last name you send us on the last day of the month; and those who send ten or a dozen nice clubs during the month will be almost certain to take one of our cash premiums.

Here is the

PREMIUM OFFER.

1.—The person sending us the largest number of 3-months' subscriptions during July, will receive from us by mail, immediately after August 1, a New York draft for $25—provided the number of names sent exceeds 250.
2.—The person sending us the next largest number of subscribers during July, will receive a New York draft for $20, provided the number of names sent exceeds 200.
3.—The person sending the next largest club, will receive a New York draft for $15.
4.—The person sending us the next largest club will receive $10.
5.—The person sending us the next largest club will receive $8.
6.—The person sending us the next largest club will receive $7.
7.—The person sending us the next largest club will receive $6.
8.—The person sending us the next largest club will receive $4.
9.—The person sending us the next largest club will receive $3.
10.—The person sending us the next largest club will receive $2.

This list of premiums will be duplicated for three months' subscriptions sent us during August, on exactly the same terms as stated above for July.

Therefore, every club-raiser and agent will have an opportunity to try for one of these cash premiums for each month. Try just one club, and see how easy it is to obtain subscribers during the excitement of the Presidential campaign, at the very low price we have offered. After you get interested in work, you will find you can send us several hundred names, using only your leisure time.

Again we say—write to us for three months' campaign terms, and for free sample copies of The Weekly Blade.

Address all letters, "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

OHIO'S IMPAIRED CREDIT.

It is a mater of history how the financial credit of Kansas was injured a few years ago by the action of the Populists. Capital was withdrawn from the state, and Populist supremacy was more injurious than the hot winds which ruined what promised to be magnificent corn crops.

The shadow of free silver has already injured the financial standing of Ohio.

A short time ago Attorney General Monnett went to New York to arrange for the sale of $250,000 three per cent refunding bonds. In an interview published in the State Journal on his return he tells of the difficulties he encountered in disposing of these bonds. It was a most unexpected situation, and had a direct bearing on the action of the recent Democratic state convention in declaring for the free coinage of silver.

Ohio has a public debt as small, according to population, probably, as any state in the union, and for this reason she has never had any difficulty in disposing of her bonds at a premium. At many of the bids received by Mr. Monnett the state would have lost $7,500. After a great deal of trouble he succeeded in placing them at a loss to the state of $2,500. Mr. Monnett says in his Journal interview that several bankers to whom he offered the bonds plainly informed

Publishers' Column.

WALTHAM AND ELGIN WATCHES.

Some months ago, after supplying our readers several thousand good watches at wholesale prices, we discontinued the offer. For a few weeks we shall offer the following small list much below our former prices, owing to reduction of certain grades by the manufacturer. A couple will be recognized as standard watches of our former list. The others are good grades at reduced prices.

Elgin or Waltham, Men's Size, $4.75.

No. 4 is a men's size, Waltham or Elgin Watch, containing seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is a combination of silver and nickel, and will wear just like solid silver. It is open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass so heavy as to withstand any strain.

The usual price of this watch is $8. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $4.75.

Lady's Watches, Waltham or Elgin, $20.00.

No. 15.—The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials, carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where secret processes are handed down from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of blue tempered steel. The case is solid 14k. United States assay, handsomely engraved. This watch is a stem winder and setter and hunting case. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $20.

Lady's Watches, Waltham or Elgin, $15.

No. 16.—The works of No. 16 are the same as No. 15, but the case is gold filled, 14k., guaranteed to wear just like solid gold for 20 years. The joints, plugs and parts exposed to unusual wear are solid gold. It is hunting case, and is handsomely engraved. Sent by registered mail, delivery guaranteed, for $15.

Gentlemen's Watches.

No. 200.—Solid gold 40 dwt. hunting case with Elgin or Waltham works, 18 size, 14 karat, and guaranteed timekeeper, sent by registered mail to any part of the United States for $32.50.

No. 201—Gold filled Elgin or Waltham watch, 18 size, open face case, guaranteed for 15 years. The movement or works contain seven jewels. This watch will be sent to any subscriber of The Blade in perfect order, delivery guaranteed, for $10.

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FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

Owing to a popular demand from our subscribers, and especially from members of the G. A. R., we have arranged with a large publisher for a quantity of pictures of the most celebrated battles of the civil war. These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original battle paintings with wonderful accuracy. More than 100,000 have been sold during the past year at one dollar each, and our price to any person, who orders a picture alone will be one dollar. But we did not get these pictures for sale or for profit. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list; make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
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Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Fox Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge.)
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
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It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

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They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
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½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
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½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 15
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These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no satisfaction from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of The Blade.

6802—MISSES' NAVAL JACKET, WITH VEST.

Hints by May Manton.

Brown serge is here handsomely combined with ecru linen crash, the vest and collar being decorated with narrow brown soutache braid. The vest is made separately and closes in back with button-holes and buttons. The glove-fitting adjustment is made with single bust darts and under-arm gores, and a close standing collar finishes the neck. The jacket flares widely over the rounded vest, the broad sailor collar forming pointed reveres in front. The linen collar is about an inch smaller than the other on its outer edges, it being made removable for laundering. Two large fancy buttons decorate each front just below rever. The back and sides fit smoothly to the waist line, below which the seams are sprung to produce stylish ripples. The leg o' mutton

No. 6802—MISS'S NAVAL JACKET WITH VEST.

sleeves are shaped by single seams, the fashionable fullness at the top being disposed in single box-plaits with side plaits on each side. Jackets in this style are jaunty and stylish at the seaside or for general wear and can match or contrast with the skirt. Stylish combinations will be suggested by the mode, which is adapted to wool, cotton and linen fabrics.

The quantity of material 44 inches wide required to make this jacket for a miss fourteen years of age is 2¾ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6802 and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in sizes for misses of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

Hints by May Manton.

The Norfolk basque is a favorite garment for cycling, shopping and general wear, as its trim outlines are becoming to all, and it looks comfortable and business-like. We here present one of its simplest modes, made of greenish drab covert cloth, closed with round white pearl buttons and finished with machine stitching in tailor style. The basque is shaped with single bust darts, under-arm gores, and a curving center seam in back. The plaits are graduated at the waist line, and applied on back and front with a single row of machine stitching near the edges, or they can be blind stitched on if so preferred. The fronts are reversed at the top to form coat lapels that meet the rolling collar in notches, a chemisette with bow-tie being worn at the neck. The sleeves, in gigot style, are shaped with two seams, and are of fashionable size, the wrists being finished with stitching to simulate cuffs, that are decorated near the back seam with three buttons. A narrow leather belt incircles the waist. The graceful skirt is specially designed for wheelwomen, its distinguishing features being an underlying box-plait laid in the center of front gore, the edges of which meet and are flatly pressed, so as to be hardly noticeable when standing and when mounted give ample room for the free action of the limbs and prevent the ugly girded appearance so often seen. The backward turning plaits at the back conceal the saddle gore in center that keeps the skirt in proper position. Placket openings on each side of front gore are finished by pointed overlaps and decor-

No. 6793—LADY'S NORFOLK JACKET. No. 6983—LADY'S SKIRT.

ated with buttons. Suits in this style can be made from all kinds of cloth, tweed, cheviot, serge or cycle cloth, and worn with knickers and leggings to match.

The quantity of material required to make this basque for a lady having a 36 inch bust measure is 3 yards. To make the skirt it will require 4½ yards of the same width material.

Basque pattern No. 6793 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure and retails for twenty-five cents. Skirt pattern No. 6983 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure, and retails for thirty cents.

6806—LADIES' BELTED BASQUE.

This is a popular style of basque, as it shows to advantage the very pretty belts that are now so fashionable, and it is equally desirable for silk, wool, cotton or linen fabrics. As here illustrated, irridescent mohair in shades of brown and green is used for the body and ripple basque, the sleeves, collar and chemisette portion being of fancy striped brown and ecru satin, and the rovers, collar, cuffs and square tabs at the

No. 6806—LADIES' BELTED BASQUE.

neck are of gilt-embroidered ecru satin. A handsome gilt belt with buckle incircles the waist and the front closing is made in center with small gilt buttons and button-holes in groups of five. The full fronts and back are adjusted over glove-fitted linings by side-plaits at the waist line. The circular ripple basque is stiffly interlined and lined with satin before being joined to the lower edge of the waist. The chemisette is attached to the right front and closes with the collar at left shoulder and under rover. The sleeves are shaped in latest leg o' mutton style, the full fore being gathered over comfortable linings and completed at the wrists by round gauntlet cuffs. The basque can be made up with or without the lining, and is thus desirable for linen, crash, duck, canvas, grass linen, batiste, gingham or other fashionable wash fabrics.

The quantity of material 44 inches wide, required to make this basque for a lady having a 36 inch bust measure is three yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6806, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure and retails for 25 cents.

6801—LADIES' CAPE.

Black satin, knife-plaited mousseline-desole and white applique insertion are richly combined in this stylish cape, which is one of the season's richest confections. The cape is circular in shape and is finished in front and back to form tabs on its pretty outline, the fronts being lengthened in stole

No. 6801—LADY'S CAPE.

fashion. A stiff interlining is used and the mousseline, which is bought ready-plaited, is sewed on underneath just above the tab openings. The neck is finished with a ruche of mousseline and loops of satin ribbon set over the standing collar, two ends of the thin fabric falling over the fronts, and a bow of satin ribbon being placed at the back of neck. Velvet, brocade, Persian silk, heavy plain or ribbed silk, or fine broadcloth can be thus combined with net, chiffon, silk, mull or linen batiste and decorated with silk or jet passementerie, insertion, gimp or ribbon. Violets or other small flowers add daintiness to the decoration.

The quantity of material 27 inches wide required to make this cape for a lady having a 36-inch bust measure is 1¼ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6801 and retails for thirty cents, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

6803—MISSES' GATHERED SKIRT.

Hints by May Manton.

Fancy striped linen lawn made this simple skirt, that is preferred to the gored styles for transparent fabrics and wash goods. The lower edge is straight and deeply hemmed, being adapted to tucking or hemstitching over the hem and the top is gathered and sewed to a round belt. Organdie, net, lace,

No. 6803—MISS'S GATHERED SKIRT.

chiffon and thin silks are attractively developed by the mode, which is becoming to youthful wearers.

The quantity of material 36 inches wide required to make this skirt for a miss fourteen years of age is 2½ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6803 and retails for thirty cents, is cut in sizes for misses of ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

6826—GIRLS' DRESS.

Soft green and cream colored wool challie made this attractive and graceful dress, the fancy bretelle color of green ribbed silk being trimmed with buerre valenciennes edging and decorated with green silk cord over steel buttons, and ribbon belt with rosette, bow and ends at the left side. The waist is characterized by simplicity of construction and its dressy effect, and can be finished

No. 6826—GIRL'S DRESS.

without the bretelle collar if so desired. The fullness is gathered top and bottom and arranged over fitted body linings to blouse slightly in front, closing invisibly in center back. The bretelle collar is slashed at the shoulder forming graceful tabs over the puffed sleeves; knotted loops of the cord being caught by buttons over the front and on the shoulders as shown. A standing collar having tabs in front finishes the neck. The full puffs are slightly mounted at the top of fitted sleeve lining faced to the elbows with material, the wrists being plainly completed. The full round skirt is gathered at the top and joined to lower edge of waist, the placket being formed in center back. Fancy or plain silk, velvet, batiste or piqué will make pretty collars to combine with dresses of silk, wool, linen or cotton fabrics, lace, gimp, insertion and fancy buttons providing suitable garniture.

The quantity of material 44 inches wide required to make this dress for a girl ten years of age is 3¼ yards.

The pattern, No. 6826, is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years of age, and retails for twenty-five cents.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted, (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

WOMAN'S SEVEN AGES.

All the world's a wardrobe,
And the girls and women merely wearers.
They have their fancies and their fantasies,
And she in time wears many garments
Throughout her seven stages. First, the baby,
Befrilled and embroidered in her nurse's arms;
And then the trim-nose school girl, with her flounces,
And small-boy scorning face, tripping skirt waggling
Coquettishly to school. And then, the flirt,
Ogling like Circe, with a blushing "sell-lade,"
Kept on her low-cut corsage. Then a bride,
Full or strange finery vestured like an apple,
Veiled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance,
Seeking the woman's heaven—admiration—
Even at the altar's steps. And then the matron,
In fair, rich velvet, with mauve satin-lined
With eyes serene and skirts of youthful cut,
Full of dress saws and modish instances,
To teach her girls their part. The sixth age shifts
Into the gray, yet gorgeous grandmamma,
With golden pince-nez on nose and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong, and world-ly wise.
In sumptuary law her quavering voice
Prosing of fashion and LeFollet, pipes
Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all,
That ends the sex's mode-swayed history,
In second childishness and mere oblivion
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of dress!
—Punch.

TOLD IN PASSING.

Only one person in four in London earns over £1 a week.

Zoologists aver that in a hundred years the lion will be extinct.

The cycling craze amounts to a positive mania in Melbourne.

The native population of Matabeleland is estimated at 160,000.

Ex-Gov. Alger drove a team in the pineries when a boy.

The world's navies are estimated as employing 6,000,083 men.

The annual "cattle crop" of New South Wales is about 400,000.

The average amount of sunshine per day in London is four hours.

Andrew Carnegie will present a public library and gymnasium and public bath to the town of Duquesne. The cost of the building will be $150,000.

Robert A. Foster, of Wilmington, Vt., who has been dumb for over eight years, as the result of a fall in a church, says that he recovered his speech the other day precisely at 12 o'clock, when he began talking in his natural tone of voice. He had tried many remedies without effect, and is unable to account for the restoration of his speech at this time.

Drilling With Bullets.

A novel method of perforating iron plates is reported from Salt Lake City, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The city is being supplied with electricity for lighting and power generated 14 miles away in the Big Cottonwood Canon. It was found necessary, for the purpose of pipe connections, to cut four 48-inch openings in the seven-foot penstock, the plates of which were half an inch thick. The workmen began to cut with cape chisels, but the progress made was too exasperatingly slow for the engineer of the works, R. M. Jones, who is known throughout the West as the "cowboy engineer." Mr. Jones took up his rifle, and, using steel bullets cased with copper, shot a line of holes through the plate from a distance of about 30 feet. The intervening edges were afterward easily cut out, and in a very short time the job was finished.

Here's True Wisdom.

Don't ape the silly, busy bee—
His rashness can't be beat;
He stores up honey, as you see,
Which other people eat.
—Floyd Press.

TWO FLOWER HATS.

They Are Small and Made Upon the Popular Dutch Shapes.

Flower hats are admired in theory by everybody. In practice they are found so perishable and expensive that few women feel like purchasing them. The secret of a posy bonnet is its fresh look, and back of it lies another secret—keeping it fresh. The daintiest of flower hats are the small ones. A flower hat, unless for a lawn party, cannot well be too small—a mere suggestion of crown and the flowers.

The Dutch shapes adapt themselves best to the flower idea. Select a small flat Dutch bonnet of cut jet or one of the fancy straws. The jet is best if you are going to use the fashionable green-leaf trimming. Have the leaves of the finest quality and shade of summer millinery. Remember that though this hat is small you cannot economize with it. Stand the leaves in stiff,

THE DUTCH SHAPES ADAPT THEMSELVES.

"perky" bunches at each side of the hat and fill in the back with loves. For ornament select two large emerald and rhinestone hat pins. Place the hat far back over a Psyche coiffure, and you have a bonnet for calling.

Violet bonnets are no more difficult to manage. Place the violets in small bunches across the front of the hat, with a large bunch at the side. With a violet hat large sleeves, covered with natural flowers, were worn by a Paris belle for a carriage gown in her brougham of an afternoon. Her parasol was covered like her sleeves.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Little feller had a slate
Doin' of a sum;
Didn't seem ter git it straight;
Answer wouldn't come,
Then, says he: "It's all in doubt;
Thort I had it plain.
Guess I'd better rub it out
And start in fresh again."

Great big feller waded in
Es a Congressman.
Thought success he'd surely win;
Had a fust-rate plan.

Nothin' done wuth talkin' 'bout;
Goes an' takes the train.
Finds he has ter rub it out
An' start in fresh again.
—Washington Star.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Its Real Beauty is Felt Only When It Is Seen in All Its Aspects.

I know the happy time has passed when the stranger is offered an apartment in the palace; probably Washington Irving himself nowadays would have to put up in the hotel of his own name, instead of the rooms of the fair Elizabeth of Parma; Gautier, I do not believe, would have a chance to wrap himself in his blanket, and sleep a single night in the open Court of Lions of the Hall of the Two Sisters, dreaming of the harems and its beauties, who had slept there so many ages before him, says a writer in the Century. But by day, at least, we too can boast that in our castle of memory once our house was the Alhambra. It was easily managed. We had but to ask, and we got a ticket. This was supposed to enable us to pursue our studies, and, in proof of our claim to it, J. would start out in the morning with such an imposing assortment of sketch blocks, stools and ink bottles that the ever-advartised Gipsy King was always at our heels to assure us that he had been Fortuny's model and Regnault's.

I, for my part, bought from the guides the book which Senor Contreras has written about the Alhambra, and I carried Gautier and Irving with me wherever I went. But, for all this parade, our most serious study during the first days was to adopt courts and gardens to the passing hours. And why not? More than half a century ago was not Washington Irving afraid that the place had been already too well described to stand still another description? Has not its every story been told, its every ballad sung? Has it not been sketched and painted and "taken," until the guide will tell you glibly how Fortuny used this for background, and Regnault that, down to the choice of the last stray amateur to come with his irrepressible kodak? Besides, ours really was the true way to study Alhambra, to get to understand its loveliness. It is no better than a museum, and a very empty one, as melancholy a show place as the Roman Forum, when you follow the guide, stopping, as he bids you, to whisper for an echo, or to receive a sprig of myrtle, or to see on the pavement the freshly rubbed in blood of the Abencerrages.

Ah! what secrets I could tell of the Alhambra to archaeologist or architect, busy deciphering inscriptions and measuring arches! It is no better than a labeled specimen. Its real beauty is not fealt until you come to know just how each room, each arcade, each wall space looks when drenched with sunlight, just how its effects change when the shadows fall upon it, just at what moment a latticed window opens upon the coolest prospect, or a lofty hall is most soothing refuge from the heat.

MRS. RINEHEART'S FEAT.

Rides One Hundred Miles a Day for Ten Days.

Mrs. A. F. Rineheart, an enthusiastic wheel-woman of Denver, Col., has achieved distinction by riding ten centuries in ten days. Mrs. Rineheart is the most remarkable lady rider in America and has performed feats on the wheel of which any professional athlete might be proud. She has only been riding a wheel eight months, yet she has nearly thirty centuries to her credit. Previous to the performance noted above she had ridden two centuries in two

days, and this was considered remarkable for a woman. She also holds the woman's record for a century, having ridden 104 miles on the road in eight hours and five minutes. She rides a diamond frame wheel with a seventy-two gear and is shown herewith in her road costume, a most becoming pair of bloomers. Mrs. Rinehart is one of the most attractive and graceful riders, and says that no ride of under 100 miles satisfies her now.

After.... Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into molehills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

M'KINLEY BOUND TO WIN.

Once more Protection's mighty host
Has marshaled for the fight.
From lake to lake, from coast to coast,
Unfurls our banner bright;
And as the legions of the free
The grand campaign begin,
The shout goes up from sea to sea!
"McKinley's bound to win!"

CHORUS.

McKinley's bound to win!
McKinley's bound to win!
Let foes assail, he can not fail,
McKinley's bound to win!

The people hail him with delight,
They know he'll do their will;
They know he'll battle for the right,
And smash the Wilson bill;
They can not fail, their cause is just,
To doubt would be a sin;
Free trade has got to bite the dust,
McKinley's bound to win.

CHORUS.

McKinley's bound to win!
McKinley's bound to win!
Let foes assail, he can not fail,
McKinley's bound to win!

The silent mills shall hum again,
The spindles sing once more;
Good times shall soon resume their reign,
Good as e'er known before.
We'll turn the faded Cleveland out,
And turn the Major in—
List to the continental shout,
"McKinley's bound to win!"

CHORUS.

McKinley's bound to win!
McKinley's bound to win!
Let foes assail, he can not fail,
McKinley's bound to win!

The goddess of Prosperity
Exclaims in accent free.
"A ballot that is cast for him
Is also cast for me."
McKinley is my favorite son,
I'll strive to vote him in,
And when I strive the deed is done,
McKinley's bound to win."

CHORUS.

McKinley's bound to win!
McKinley's bound to win!
Let foes assail, he can not fail,
McKinley's bound to win!
—W. H. McElroy, Rochester Post-Dispatch.

THE REFRIGERATOR HAT.

An Inventive Genius Has Evolved a Protection From Sunstroke.

An inventive genius has just patented a refrigerator hat. This queer headgear has a double crown, forming a waterproof compartment in the top. The top piece of the hat may be lifted when de-

THE REFRIGERATOR HAT.

sired, so as to permit the introduction of a piece of ice. Then it is closed again, and the wearer is ready to brave Old Sol.

The principle is the same as that of the improved modern icebox. The cold air descends, keeping the wearer's head delightfully cool. Nobody need suffer from the heat during these warm summer days if provided with an apparatus of this sort. Incidentally, it is claimed to be a sure protection against sunstroke.

WHEN IT IS WARM.

Don't fan in church.
Don't talk about the heat.
Don't look at the thermometer every half hour.
Don't, when it is cool in the morning, prophesy heat at noon.
Don't lie around in a neglige. One is much cooler when properly clad.
Don't drink iced water in too great quantities nor too often after being over-heated.
Don't sit about doing nothing and complaining of the heat. One is much cooler when one is usefully employed.
Don't spend your summer reading trashy novels. Employ your leisure in the perusal of really good books.
Don't wear dark and elaborate dresses. A woman is never so attractive looking as when clad in a simple white gown.

A DIRGE.

Now Love is dead,
What can I do?
Nothing to scheme about,
Nothing to dream about,
Colorless blue
Stretches overhead;
Sun with no heat in it,
Life with no sweet in it—
Now Love is dead.

Now Love is dead,
How can I sing?
How many times I made
Love shape the rhymes I made
Under his wing!
Now all is said.
How can I fill my purse,
How fashion still my verse,
Now Love is dead?
—E. Nesbit.

A Few Definitions.

The statesman—The man who can make a statement that sounds great and means nothing.

The Christian—The man who can view the depredations of his neighbor's chickens in the garden and smile.

The hero—The man who can invite his mother-in-law to visit his home without flinching.

The philanthropist—The man who can resist the temptation to squeeze a debtor on a judgment note.

The politician—The man who gets paid for saving the country in times of peace.

The heeler—The man greatly respected in unterrified politics.

The editor—The man whose efforts the readers are all at liberty to criticise.

The umpire—The man of meager judgment who assumes great risks.—Scranton Tribune.

Men! Do not despair. Read Thos. Slater's offer on page 3.

After.... Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into molehills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

WIZARD EDISON.

HIS VITASCOPE IS A MARVELOUS INVENTION.

How the Wonderful Effects Are Produced—The Advance of Photography—What Next?

Of all the inventions credited to Edison, "The Wizard," probably none have excited so much comment among all classes as the recently invented vitascope which is being exhibited at present at the Casino. While all the different contrivances that attribute their birth to the busy brain of Mr. Edison are startling in their conceptions and marvelous in their operations, the vitascope stands pre-eminently in a class by itself. The machine combines the stereoptican with the orignal subject and the camera with the artistic palette.

The basic principle is as a matter of course, electricty and by the aid of a cleverly constructed mechanism a photograph can be thrown upon a canvas, in a darkened room, that reproduces the action of the subject at the time of the exposure true to life.

Any bit of every day life can be reproduced by the machine with the proper apparatus. Some of the scenes that are being exhibited are the Highlander's dance from the opera Rob Roy, the illuminated skirt dance of La Loie Fuller, an elevated train arriving at a station, the Herald square in New York, all pictured with their environments of living and moving figures as naturally as though the original subject was presented to the audience upon the stage.

The vitascope is but a recent invention but has already revolutionized the art of photography, in a certain sense. The recent experiments with photography and the results accomplished by many of the leading artists led Mr. Edison to believe that the kinetoscope could be improved if the correct principles were applied to it. The progress made by the electrical experts also induced him to experiment with the invention. A careful study of the subject was made and the vitascope is the result.

The machine from which is produced the wonderful pictures resembles, in construction, a steel workers lathe and is supplied with coils, carbons, reflectors and lenses in profusion. The light used to throw the pictures on the canvas is an ordinary arc lamp of 3,000 candle power burning an ultra-pure carbon from which a powerful white light is derived.

The process of securing the original picture is unique as it is ingenuous and laborious. The first move is to secure a proper subject. This is accomplished only after a careful study of all surrounding conditions and detail. When the operator finds a subject which he thinks can be produced, a favorable opportunity is awaited as only the best results are wanted. When all is in readiness a specially constructed camera is focused upon the object to be "caught." The conditions of speed are then taken into consideration before the attempt of an exposure is made, and a roll of sensitized celluloid film placed upon a roller inside the camera. This is protected by an alternating shutter which is connected with the roller by an electrical device. By an automatic arrangement the speed of the roller is regulated to that of the object to be photographed to insure perfect results when the picture is finished. There is nothing to be done after this except to wait a favorable moment to spring the shutter and this soon arrives. When the roll has passed before the lens the shutter is closed by the automatic arrangement and the picture is complete.

The camera is then taken to a dark room where the usual process of developing films is performed after which the film is ready for the machine. The film varies in length in the different views but the average length is about 30 feet, and the width one and one half inches. Upon this film are photographs about one inch square, each one a complete picture in itself and each varying from the other in some minor detail of movement or gestures. To the eye the change cannot be noted as the film is held up for inspection each successive picture appearing to be a reproduction of the preceding one. But when the film is placed upon the machine the change at once becomes apparent.

The film is placed upon the machine running on spools which extend on all sides of the framework. This is for the purpose of insuring a safe and speedy path for the film to the lens in the front portion of the frame. In the center of the frame is a powerful carbon burner throwing its rays through a magnifying glass of great intensity. In front of this glass is arranged a holder through which the film passes at the rate of thirty pictures a second and the reflection is directed through a convex lens to the canvas. The film is placed upon the frame on the same principle as magic lantern slides are inserted in the lantern, upside down and working from rear to front so that when thrown through the convex lens the pictures appear in their proper shape.

There is nothing that lives or moves that cannot be reproduced faithfully and realistically upon a canvas with the aid of the vitascope. All the different emotions can be depicted and the facial expressions of an actor are produced true to life. This is especially noticeable in one of the pictures produced during the past week. In the presentation scene from Hoyts' A Milk White Flag, the colonel's posing as Napoleon elicits applause from all who recognize the situation. Also in the skirt dance the gyrations and pirouetting of La Loie are graceful in the extreme while the vivid colorings of the calcium light in their ever changing combinations hold the attention of the spectator spell bound.

The simple secret of the vitascope, is, that the film containing from 500 to 900 pictures is operated before the powerful light so rapidly that the illusion is rendered perfect and the spectator sees the reproduction of the living subject when it is really a series of pictures blended together so admirably that the effect is mystifying. There is food for thought in the vitascope and it has opened up a field for experimenting that is unlimited in its possibilities and an unknown quantity as to results.

WEDDING LORE.

WHEN SHALL HE WED?

A January bride will be a prudent housewife and good tempered.

A February bride will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

A March bride will be a frivolous chatterbox, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking.

An April bride will be handsome, amiable, and likely to be happy.

A June bride will be impetuous and generous.

A July bride will be handsome and smart, but quick tempered.

An August bride will be amiable and practical.

A September bride will be discreet, affable and much liked.

An October bride will be pretty, coquettish and jealous.

A November bride will be liberal and kind, but of a mild disposition.

A December bride will be well proportioned, fond of novelty, entertaining, but extravagant.

WHEN SHALL SHE WED?

A January husband will love no one but you.

A February husband will be blest with shekels few.

A husband wed in March storms something like March winds.

An April husband's quite changeable you'll find.

A husband wed in May is handsome but not wise.

A husband wed in June is bound in fame to rise.

A July husband's gift is more of wealth than sense.

An August husband's knowledge is something quite immense.

September's grooms are said to care for eating joys.

October's groom bring happiness without alloys.

A November husband's love grows sometimes rather cold.

December's husband brings forth faithfulness and gold.

Potato Omelet.

One cup of mashed potatoes, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, half cup of sweet milk, a heaping teaspoonful of flour. Heat and grease a frying pan and pour the mixture into it. Keep on top of stove at moderate heat until set and browned on under side. Then set on the rack in the oven.

Tommy—Paw, what is a statesman?
Mr. Figg—A statesman—a statesman is a man who is a good judge of band wagons.—Indianapolis Journal.

ONLY PLACE ON EARTH TO GET AN $85.00 WHEEL FOR $47.50.

Toledo Blade Bicycle

GENTLEMEN'S WHEEL. LADY'S WHEEL.

EVERY PART MADE UPON HONOR.

This Bicycle Shipped to Any Part of the United States by Freight, and The Weekly Blade One Year to Any Address, Ordered For

ONLY $47.50.

Toledo, Ohio, is celebrated for many things, among which are the most popular and widely circulated weekly newspaper published in the United States. It contains the largest number of bicycle factories in the world, and more bicycles are built in it than in any other city on earth. Coupling these two facts together, it is proper for the Toledo Blade to combine an excellent bicycle with its subscription offers, after the popular plan under which we have sold so many thousand sewing machines during the past ten years.

We have, therefore, contracted with one of the best bicycle manufacturers to supply us with a STRICTLY FIRST CLASS machine, built on honor, adapted for all uses and for all roads, that we can offer to our readers FOR CASH, at a price considerably less than even cheap machines are sold.

The wheel we offer is built to retail for $85, and we guarantee it to be fully equal to any wheel which retails for even $100. The cheapest bicycle now sold in the United States, and built to sell in competition with good wheels, retails for $50 to $65, but you must remember that such wheels are not worth any more than this price. They are not durable, nor adapted for ordinary country roads.

We want it distinctly understood that the wheel we now offer is actually worth from $85 to $100, and can not be bought any place else in the world, except of the Toledo Blade, for less than $85.

We propose to offer, by way of experiment, JUST ONE HUNDRED of these wheels, including a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, for

$47.50 Each.

The wheels will be shipped by freight to the address given, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of wheel. This will be but a small sum, as the crated wheel is light.

Above we give small cuts of the wheel, both ladies' and gentlemen's pattern, which give a fair idea of its appearance. The following is a detailed description of the works and parts:

The cuts above show that the gentleman's wheel is diamond frame, the ladies', drop frame. The frames are of large-sized cold-drawn seamless steel tubing, properly reinforced. The head is 9 inches in length, of 1⅛-inch tubing, rest of frame 1⅛ inches. The forks with extra reinforcing, the crown of a new and improved pattern; the rear forks and braces are of ⅞-inch tubing. The entire frame is not only light and strong, but very durable.

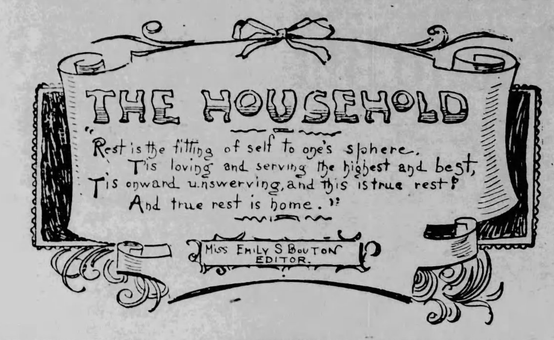
The handle bars are of seamless steel tubing, highest grade. The handles are of medium drop, with corkaline grips. German silver tipped; or you can have man's horn (upturned) handles, same finish, if you prefer them.

The most important portion of a bicycle as regards durability is the wheels. The rims are made of the finest selected stock obtained, with the "Dyson-Smith" lock joint; tangent spokes, of the very best drawn steel, cold swaged; wheels 28 inches high, with 68 gear; but you can have a higher or lower gear if you so desire.

We furnish either the "Vim" single tube tire, or the Morgan & Wright "quick repair" double tubes.

The bearings are the best and latest pattern, absolutely dust proof, perfectly true, polished perfectly. The steel balls are of the usual sizes—3-16 and ¼ inches diameter, with 153 to each bicycle.

The cranks are equal to the best, made of h



THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure, as the lily is white and pure
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand;
That fathers and brothers can trust in,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and say;
That drive with a smile and a loving word
The gloom of the household away.

INHARMONY.

THE DISTURBED CONDITIONS OF THE NATION TO-DAY.

What Can Be Done to Bring Better Things—Woman Has Work to Do Though She Cannot Yet Vote.

"And he played on a harp of a thousand strings."

That is what the leaders of this American people are usually doing. I wish it were possible to say that the result is harmony, but it is far and away from even an approach to it to-day. The strings twang and twang without rhythm and apparently without reason. Just now one or two are making so much noise that the vibrations of the others are well nigh drowned out and almost unheard.

From the outside—and that is where the women in most of the states stand at this time—it seems as if the present confusion in political matters arises from overwhelming selfishness upon all sides. The question does not seem to be, with the majority, the well being of the whole country, but what is best for the section I live in, and how is this issue going to affect me personally. It is not whether, in its finality, this course or that will result in good, even if it bring present disaster, that is considered, but the desire for the dollars here and now rules the thought and largely determines the action, without any regard for the more distant future, and for those who will come after. Section is arrayed against section. Parties are split up, and there never has been a time since that preceding the Civil War, when feeling has been so strong and bitter. Of course there are those upon both sides who are acting for what they believe will be for the good of the country. They foresee, or think they do, that any other course than the one they are advocating will bring ruin to the industrial interests of the nation. By far the greater number however, are actuated solely by self-interest, which, for the most part is identified with the prosperity of the community in which they live, and with which they are accordingly in sympathy.

And that is right, asserts one and another. If I do not look out for myself, and for my family, who will do it for me?

Alas, nobody! That is, unfortunately, true. Yet it is not right to look only upon one side of a question, and that the selfish one. The other side should always be thought of, should always be considered, in making up the mind to any course of action. In that sense each man is his brother's keeper. There need be no such tempestuous, unrestful times in the political field if the men who made up the great conventions had been united in looking out for the well-being of the many instead of the few; the prosperity of the whole country instead of a part. And yet behind them stand the people who sent them there, which brings the matter back again to one of individual responsibility in the community. It is the sentiment of the majority of individuals that compose the sentiment of the community, and is reflected again and again into larger fields until it influences a nation's welfare.

Never was there a time when a greater need existed for the constant affirmation of the law of Universal Brotherhood. Never was there a stronger necessity for the sending forth of both thoughts and words tending to peace and harmony. Unrest and discontent are in the air and are making themselves daily visible in deeds that, with their violence, shock and distress people everywhere. And yet I sometimes think we are growing callous to suffering so long as it does not approach our elves, for we read of the sweeping of scores out of physical life, read with wonder and dismay, and then in a brief space—forget. It is true that this forgetfulness is best unless it comes from indifference, and holds us away from the attitude of helpfulness which prompts action for others, whenever such action is needed.

Peace! Harmony! These are what should be kept in the thought through all the months of political excitement which are to come. I do not mean the peace which avoids work and action; which avoids speaking the right word for fear of arousing opposition. I do mean the peace which is the final outcome of any unselfish struggle that is made for the triumph of a principle.

A great responsibility rests upon the leaders in the present political campaign, those who go forth to persuade the people. They are literally playing upon a harp of a thousand strings, when they speak to great audiences who will follow their words with an interest that may easily be turned into a frenzy of enthusiasm. Conditions are such to-day that but little will be required to carry the unthinking masses into a whirlwind of excitement. The whole counsel should be in the direction of moderation, with no appeal to the passions that always stand ready to seize and throttle the better self in men.

What has all this to do with women, with the home, with the mothers, with the children? A great deal. Every question which will work for the weal or woe of the nation is of as vital moment to the women as to the men, for they make half of the great whole. While they do not yet vote, they can work for the promotion of the higher and more unselfish thought which considers the good of the many rather than of the few; which directs to service for humanity rather than service to self. They can bespeak moderation, and while it may seem as if such counsel, unaccompanied by power to act definitely in any given direction, goes for nothing, let it be remembered that no single effort can be lost. It must produce its effect though unconsciously to the one who puts it forth. This is a universal law which is never broken.

Then another thing. The excitement of a presidential election always enters more or less into the thought of the children, not alone of the boys, but, in these later days, of the girls as well. These are times when lessons of true patriotism may well be given. Teach them love of country, pride of country, but such love and such pride, as will beget in them a desire to make it a center from which good to all other nations may radiate, as the light is radiated from the sun. Teach them patriotism, but of the kind which shall render them proud of the national rectitude rather than of national riches and physical power; fill them with a desire to make the name of the United States a synonym of helpfulness to the world, rather than that of a selfish reacher after the world's glory. Teach them that "there is something greater than conquest, that it is nobler to help humanity than to crush it;" give them an ideal of a country that shall lead the nations through the strength of its own integrity of purpose rather than by fear of its power.

This the women, the mothers, the wives, the daughters may do, and it is a work worthy of all effort.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

OUR COZY CORNER.

HERE FRIENDS MEET AND PLEASANTLY TALK TOGETHER.

Everybody Has a Right to Express an Opinion, No Matter How It Differs From Others.

Last week we had a little chat about the girls who, as June brides, were going into homes of their own and of the opportunities opening out before them of making these homes the sweetest, dearest places on earth for themselves and the one whom they have chosen from all the world to love and cherish till death shall part them. By their influence and tact they may make these homes pleasant resting-places for such of their friends as may be wearied or discouraged in their journey through life—and thus help some one in the great world to be a better, truer, more honest man or woman.

There is much depending upon the way in which these girls take up their new lives—much for the weal or the woe, not only of their immediate families, but for the future generation, and they should very thoughtfully consider their ways that they make no mistakes, but there is quite as much for those other girls to do, those girls who are not "June brides," those girls who have finished their school days, in that they have graduated from some high school, and are now to decide upon their future lives.

Some, of course, will continue their studies, either from pure love of study, or for hope of increased future usefulness; some will at once enter upon an active, business life as teacher, clerk, stenographer or in one of the many occupations now opened to women, while the majority will remain at home, and it is these girls who oftimes fail to realize the great opportunities they have. To realize that to them is given the power to make themselves of the greatest assistance in the home, to help bear the burdens of the dear mother, to gain an unbounded influence for good over the brothers and sisters and to use the knowledge they have gained during their school life for the helping and uplifting of others, which they can do in many ways that are withheld from the girl who marries and has the care of a house and family on her hands.

Is this to live a poor, unsatisfactory life? Is it not enough to be a "home girl," one who is—

"Mother's right hand,
That father and brothers can trust in,
And the little ones understand?"

This subject was brought to the editor's attention to-day by the fact that she found one of her girls crying in the Cozy Corner because she "had no mission" and she wanted one. This is what she says:

Dear Editor: I am in trouble and come to you for help. I have been away at school for four years, and, having graduated, have come home where I find everything so different from what I have been accustomed to that I am perfectly miserable. The house is old and poorly furnished; the children dirty and noisy; mother does her own work and has no time to visit with me, father is cross and talks as if the money spent in my education was wasted; there are no young people in the town with whom I feel that I can associate and find congenial friends, and I do not know what to do with myself.

There is no piano, so my music cannot be kept up. I tried to help about the cooking, but there is nothing but an old wood-fire stove and a lot of old, worn out dishes to use, and as I have been taught in a cooking school where we had every modern convenience I found I could do nothing at this work. I cannot read all day, and there is no use of keeping up my studies as there is no one here who can talk with me about them or appreciate me for knowing anything about them.

Before I left school I had an offer of marriage from a young man, but refused it because I did not care for him, but he could give me a home where I could have things more as I have been accustomed to, and I do not know but I ought to write and tell him I have changed my mind. I know I could have him now if I would, and I think I owe it to myself to go where I can have a better opportunity to do myself justice and not wear out my life in the poor, unprofitable manner which is the only thing I can look forward to if I remain here. Will you advise me? Do not print my true name, just call me Daisy.

P. S.—I feel in my inmost soul that I have a mission of some kind in the world, and that is why I am so anxious to get out into the world so I can fulfill it.

There, friends, you have Daisy's letter just as it was given to the editor, who leaves it for you to answer. It will do this young woman a great deal of good to learn the opinions of the sensible, level-headed women who frequent the Cozy Corner, and who are fulfilling their respective "missions" in the places where they find themselves.

One more subject for your consideration is contained in the following newspaper clipping which was sent to the Cozy Corner enclosed in a very indignant letter from a bright woman whose home is in Illinois:

"WANTS TO TAX WOMEN WORKERS.—There are hundreds of women who are filling the positions of men in stores and factories, and I think Therefore, in my opinion, it is necessary to put a tax on all female help employed for any other purpose than cooking, sewing, scrubbing or housework; all clerks, cashiers and those working at different trades, should be taxed. This tax should be no less than $100 per annum for each woman employed. If the state of Illinois were to adopt this law, it would be for the benefit of both men and women (?)

"There are a large number of men idle at the present time, and some are roaming around the country as tramps, because they can not find employment, their former positions being filled by women who work for about half what the men received, and the wages of those men who have retained their places have been reduced to such an extent that they can hardly support their families. The women earning enough to make their living are not inclined to matrimony, and if this shall continue this world will become depopulated.—A Constant Reader."

Comment from the editor is unnecessary, as there will doubtless be a strong expression from our friends who read it, and who, while they do not, as a general thing, waste any time or thought upon such a person as "Constant Reader," have a very decided way of expressing their opinions when they choose to defend themselves or their friends from such attacks.

Mary comes this week with some very seasonable "Laundry Hints," which will be welcomed by all, as, indeed, everything else she sends is, with many thanks:

The fashion of having separate collars and cuffs for shirt waists is a boon to the laundress, as they are the parts that are soiled first, and when washed and ironed the whole waist will look as fresh and clean as ever.

If the children have been so unfortunate as to get tar on their clothing, rub it with lard and let it stay two or three hours, then wash in hot soapsuds and the black stain will disappear.

Fruit and tea stains can usually be removed if they are washed in clear, cold water before they have time to dry. Iron rust and mold are removed from white fabrics in various ways. Stretch the stained portion over a bowl, and moisten several times with salts of lemon. When the spots have disappeared, wash all the acid out in warm water. Another way is to dissolve two tablespoonfuls of chloride of lime in half a pint of water, and leave the mildewed portion in the solution five minutes. Take it out, wring, and put immediately in a solution of muriatic acid, using one part of the acid to four parts of soft water. If after rinsing and drying, you find the spots have not entirely disappeared, repeat the process. But-termilk and salt will often remove mildew if the material is not too badly stained with it.

There has never been a time when lawns, organdies, mulls and other wash goods came in such beautiful colors and if we wish to preserve thier beauty we must be careful how we wash them. Prepare a suds with ivory soap and soft water, that is heated until it is as warm as new milk, and rinse thoroughly in clear water, to which a little blueing has been added. Dry in the shade. When treated in this way the most delicate colors can be laundered without injury.

If table linen is hung evenly on the line after being shaken free from creases, brought in and folded while quite damp, and pressed with hot irons it will look like new. If other clothes are dampened and tightly rolled six hours before they are ironed the work is materially lessened. Rubbing the irons occasionally while warm with a piece of beeswax tied up in a cloth will keep them smooth and clean.

"A wonderful thing is a seed.
The one thing deathless forever;
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never.

"Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses, and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow."

An open letter to George F——:

Your letter offering to work for the Blade "if you are paid for it," has been handed to the editor of the Cozy Corner to answer. If you could see the whole houseful of men, women and boys who work for the Blade now, from those in the fifth story of the great, big Blade building, down to the basement where a small army of men and boys are feeding and waiting upon the great press that prints and folds, all ready for delivery, 20,000 papers in an hour, and besides these, all of the reporters who do most of their work outside of the building, you would see at once that the Blade would not have time to send out to Missouri for a boy who is 12 years old tomorrow, as you say you are.

And then again, George, you propose to send us stories cut from other papers, for our Young Folks. Only you spell your words incorrectly. Do you not think that the stories that we give you, which are written just on purpose for the Blade girls and boys, are better than some of those you could cut from other papers? Just read the one in last week's Blade, about the boy's visit to a foundry, where he learned all about how the parts of stoves and furnaces and such things were made. Didn't you like that? And it was very wind true.

But you must not be discouraged. It shows a right spirit in you that you wish to work, and if you try as hard as you can to learn your lessons in spelling, grammer and punctuation, and when you see anything new or interesting, try to write about it so that it will interest other boys and girls, you will some time be able to help the Blade, or some other paper, by sending them good stories to print for children to read. And if you ever come to Toledo, you must visit the Blade office and you shall see just how much work is required to make a paper that goes into so many families, and which must contain something for every member of every family.

Another young girl has a request to make. Her name is Amy, and she wishes to know 'if a truly refined and ladylike woman will make the horrible, brutal murders, accounts of which fill our daily papers, subjects of conversation, when in a mixed company of men and women." And "if the desire to repeat the details of every scandalous affair in town, does not indicate a lack of purity and womanly dignity in a woman." This, too, the editor will leave for you to answer, knowing that the opinions you will give on the subject will be of great value to those who read them, coming, as they will, from women who give serious thought to the various causes which tend to lower woman in the eyes of the world, and of the means of uplifting and making them better.

Jennie and Belle are two young girls who wish to know if there would be any harm in accepting an invitation to ride (on their wheels) with two gentlemen whom they have met "ever so many times when they were cycling, but to whom they have never been introduced." Certainly it would be very improper for you to do so, and you should be careful about making road acquaintances during your rides. You will get yourself in trouble if you are not.

This bicycle business seems to make considerable trouble among the young folks. Maudie says that the gentleman to whom she is engaged persists in riding with another lady, leaving her (Maudie) to be lonely all of these pleasant evenings. If he comes to see her, he only stays a short time and then goes to ride with the other girl. Maudie thinks he is not using her just right and asks how she can punish him. Having no personal experience of the kind, the editor hardly knows what to suggest. How would it do for you to buy a wheel and insist upon his teaching you how to ride, and then always accompanying him when he rides with "the other girl?" Would not that be a punishment to fit the crime? A young lady who is supposed to understand these things, suggests that if you could arrange to have a "cousin, or somebody," come in to spend the evening with you, just as the cycling young man is leaving you, it would be sure to spoil his pleasure while he was with the other girl. You might try it. Seriously, though, Maudie, if the young man would prefer any other company to yours, the best thing you can do is to let him go—and stay—away. It may save you future trouble.

Elsie asks what we think of the practice of calling people by their given names, upon a short acquaintance. She says some people do so to give the impression that they are your intimate friends, and for her part, she does not approve of it. Neither does the editor. Such familiarity should not be allowed to any but very intimate friends.

Cara must not wear her "love of a wrapper" outside of her room or where she will be likely to see any one but the members of her own family, and even then only in the early morning.

CERTAIN CONVENIENCES.

Useful for Those Who Dwell Greatly On Porches These Warm Days.

I saw a family of these "porch-dwellers" this afternoon, and as I sat with them, enjoying the cool breeze and the sweet scents from the garden, I got an idea from each of them which I herewith submit.

Work-Hammock.

The lady of the house was sewing busily and had recourse quite frequently to a work-bag that hung handily near on the back of the great willow chair, in which her lord and master reclined; and this bag was the first subject 'interviewed.'

It was made of three-quarters of a yard of China silk, seven-eighths of a yard wide, having a cream colored ground adorned with bright posies of various colors, shapes and sizes. Four circles of pasteboard, four inches in diameter, were covered with the silk, and the remainder was folded lengthwise, the selvedges joined at each side about

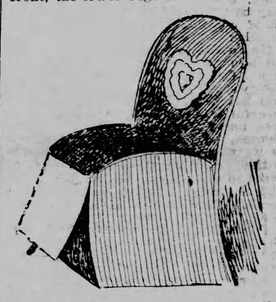
one-third the length—and the ends gathered and sewed to two of the round pieces; the bag was then turned wrong side out and the remaining round pieces were hemmed down neatly over the gathers, making the work as smooth inside as out.

It was turned again and a brass ring sewed to each round piece, at the top and through this was passed a loop of ribbon by which the bag was suspended from the chair back—or any other convenient support. Other long loops and ends of the ribbon gave the bag a pretty finish.

Min Toots was busy at work also, though I did not recognize her work-box until she called my attention to it, by lifting her doll from her seat in a gay little satin-covered chair, whose inner recesses held the small woman's sewing materials.

Chair Work-Box.

The base of this box, was two pieces of cardboard, five and one-half inches square, one covered with red satin, the other (the inner one) with cambric, and joined with over and over stitches. The four sides that were fastened to this square were slanted toward the top to a width of four and one-half inches, and were covered and joined in the same manner. The arms and back to the chair were made similarly, the former being slanted from a width of four inches at the back, to two at the front, the lower edge fitting the side of



the box to which it was sewed. The back was seven and one-half inches at the longest part, fitting the sides and box at the outer edges and was covered upon both sides with the red satin. The seat was just large enough of course to cover the box to which it was joined at the front edge, a loop at the back serving to lift it.

This, as well as the arms and back, had a layer of wadding under the satin cover, and the edges of all three were bound with narrow satin ribbon, fastened at regular intervals with tiny gold beads.

A butterfly 'tidy' of white flannel embroidered with red silk and adorned by a tiny under-bow, held a shining array of needles concealed under an extra leaf at the back, and in the box was thimble, scissors, thread and dainty fancy-work.

Though the 'women-folk' of this family were so industrious, the 'man' was doing nothing but smoking—a pipe too—but the tobacco was good, and I drew inspiration from that, or rather from the

Tobacco Bag.

in which it was stored. The lower part of this was bronze kid cut in five pieces pointed at the top, and joined at the sides under gold cord; on the center

piece was embroidered a pair of crossed pipes. This was joined at the base of the points to a piece of dark-brown plush, the bag was lined with chamois, and a shir run around just at the top of the vandykes, in which was placed a rattan, to hold the thing in shape.

The upper edge of the bag was faced with bronze silk, and a shir run in at about two inches from the top, to hold silken draw-strings. Tassels on these and at the bottom of the bag completed the handsome little article.

Look 'round you: all things, atoms, stars
sublime, attest
That not in realm of matter, thought or time
is rest.
So ask not of the grave an idle sleep and
peace from toil sore,
But that from thence your grander labor
may increase evermore.
—William Hurd Hillyer.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

The cook's very young friend explains to her that there are two kind of cookies, good cookies, and baker-man's cookies. Here is a recipe for 'some good cookies,' indeed, they might be called the very best cookies, as they are nice enough for company and none too good for the family. This was sent to The Blade by Mrs. F.:

Mother's Cookies.

Two cupfuls sugar; 1 cupful butter, creamed together; 2 eggs; ¾ cupful sour cream; 1 teaspoonful of soda and flour to mix just stiff enough to roll out. Bake in a quick oven.

Emma H. sends a recipe for molasses cookies that grow better every day they are kept. They may be crisp at first, but in a few hours, if kept in an earthen jar, will become soft, and remain so.

Molasses Cookies.

Two cupfuls N. O. molasses; 1 cupful sugar; ¾ cupful lard; ¾ cupful cold, black coffee; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 2 teaspoonfuls soda; 1 teaspoonful of ginger and flour enough to roll. Bake in a moderate oven.

THE WOMAN'S BIBLE.

Helen Gardener Speaks Her Mind About Some Things.

In the June number of the Free Thought Magazine is an article upon The Woman's Bible, by Helen H. Gardener. In strong, terse sentences she expresses the opinion that Mrs. Stanton and her staff have done a good thing by these commentaries, and arraigns the action of the W. C. T. U. at its convention, and also the Woman Suffrage convention for their act of repudiation. Here is a part of what she says:

Of course Mrs. Stanton has taken the revised version of the Bible on its own merits and has commented upon it as if it were the true and only record of "creation"—accepting, in the main, the translation of men and simply giving her views of it provided this translation is just what it claims to be. Now there has been a good deal said and written about the "lack of sufficient scolarship" and the like. I happened to know, personally, at least three of the great committee of revision which gave the "Revised Edition" to the world, and I know that two of these three had no more "scholarship" and a vast deal less common sense, logical ability, and general intellectual grasp than have Mrs. Stanton and several of her staff of commentators. I know that one of these was so feeble in what is known to the world as "ordinary judgment" that he was the laughing-stock of even little children—but he was a "great theologian!" But as I say, Mrs. Stanton has accepted the "scholarship" of these men and is simply commenting upon the plain statements which they have given. Surely no one not a hopeless fanatic can say that women have not the right to do this. Every time that Rev. Anna Shaw preaches she does it. So does every other woman who preaches or teaches a Sunday school class, and yet the recent W. C. T. U. convention and even the Woman Suffrage convention repudiated this work! They appear to be unable to see that by so doing they are giving the strongest weapon possible against their own enfranchisement into the hands of men who, having in large part outgrown this type of fanaticism and intolerance of the opinion of others on religious matters, now say, "I told you so! Just as soon as these women get political power they will drag their religion—and that of every one who does not agree with them—into politics, and then our liberties are dead. No woman suffrage for us!" In point of fact this resolution by the Woman Suffrage convention will set the cause back for years—as no other act could have done. Of course it was to have been expected of the W. C. T. U., for it has always confessed that its desire for the ballot was second to another object. But that the leaders of suffrage to have taken such a step will weaken the work done by those who made the younger leaders a possibility. Susan Anthony's speech of protest against the passage of the resolution stands out like a diamond in a paste-pot beside some of the others. She towered ten feet above their heads. I have heard many persons express regret that she did not resign, then and there, when she found she could not rally to her support enough clear-visioned, broad-minded delegates to stem the reactionary tide.

The younger leaders out-voted "Aunt Susan" and went entirely out of their legitimate field, as it seems to me, to thrust a knife into their greatest living leader—the one but for whom they would have had scant chance to have led anything. It was a pitiful display of that truckling to fanatical demands which is the fear of and menace to the liberties of this country. This is all the more fully illustrated when it is known that only eight of those who voted in the suffrage convention had even read the book upon which they were voting! There is, however, another side to the question. The leaders in writing to me claim that they would have done the same thing had the book been strictly orthodox. Had the opinion obtained (as they say it did) that this Bible was in some way the official utterance of the suffragists, because it was written by their president and old-time head. Perhaps they would, although I doubt very much if they will (in convention and public resolution) disclaim sympathy with the recent bigoted action of the W. C. T. U. branch of their organization which resulted in closing their "Temple" in Chicago against a minister and a church because these latter were intellectually enlightened enough to wish to gain wisdom in their own field of action from the most eloquent orator alive, even though they did not eat off the same theological platter from which Colonel Ingersoll is fed. Will the next suffrage convention repudiate that act of their very large and active W. C. T. U. branch? Hardly.

Of course to any student of the Bible (King James Version or the Revised Version, either one) who is not hopelessly ignorant or hopelessly prejudiced it is sufficiently plain that from Genesis to Revelation the position given to woman is an inferior and usually a shameful one, and how any one can be an absolutely orthodox Christian and a woman suffragist at the same time is always one of those conundrums that I have to give up. Therefore, I am delighted whenever such sermons are preached and articles written on the subject as those by Lyman Abbott, Bishop Doane, Bishop Haygood (Southern Presbyterian), and the delightfully naive little book called Woman Suffrage by a Lawyer. They are all so brutally honest, so frankly brutal to women that it seems to me nothing feminine with more brain and self-respect than a Digger squaw could help resenting it and becoming instantly both a woman suffragist and a free thinker.

And the man who moves in the twilight dim
Feels not the love that encircles him;
Though in heart, on bosom, and eyelids
press
Lips of an infinite tenderness,
He turns away through the dark to roam,
Nor heeds the fire in his hearth and home.

About Pins.

Pins are, as the saying goes, as old as the hills. In some form or another they have been in existence ever since our first parents clothed themselves in fig leaves, which grew wild in the garden of Eden. As a matter of fact, pins claim a very high antiquity, the earliest form being the natural thorn, which is still used to some extent by the peasant women of Upper Egypt. In prehistoric times pins were also made of the small bones of fish and animals.

Among the remains of the lake dwellers of Europe have been found bronze pins and bronze brooches, in which the pin's form the prominent feature, many of which are highly ornamental and very beautiful. A few copper and one iron pin have also been found. It is estimated that 10,000 pins have been collected at the lacus rine station of Switzerland alone. A few of these have double stems, and were probably used as hairpins. There have been found at Peschiere pins which are exactly the same in form as the safety pins of the present day. Among the single stem pins are many ingenious devices for preventing the spike from passing entirely through the cloth or other material it is used for fastening together. Many of them are so formed that they are thicker in some places than in others. A large number, both of bone and bronze, had the head formed of a loose ring passed through an eye in the pin. A few of them have the appearance of the scarf pin now in use. In Egypt pins with gold heads have been discovered, while in ancient Rome bronze pins and bone hairpins with ornamental heads have been discovered among relics of Pompeii.—Miss Up-to-Date in Commercial Advertiser.

I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he thought of you first.—George MacDonald.

Pretty Shoes.

"Women are spending more money on shoes nowadays than on bonnets," said one of the managers of a big shoe house to two customers the other day, and there are a number of reasons for this. In the first place the craze for athletics among women has brought about a tidal wave of reform concerning skirts, and this in turn has revolutionized footwear. The skirts are worn much shorter this spring than they have been in years, and are cut to stand out in such a way that the feet are much exposed, and this, of course, necessitates extra care as to footgear. The shoes for spring and summer wear are such works of art that it would be a shame to hide them by trailing dresses; besides, long skirts will become dusty or damp, and both dust and dampness ruin fine leather."

Likely this dealer doesn't know what he is talking about, when he undertakes a comparison between the money a woman gets rid of when she buys for head and footgear. But just the same the spring shoes and slippers are lovely enough to tempt the last dollar from a woman's purse.

There are walking shoes, with cloth tops to match and harmonize with spring toilets. The heels of these boots are a little higher than last year, and most people have a mistaken idea that they are military heels, whereas the fashionable heel is the riding boot heel. The toe of the swell boot is not quite so pointed as usual, and is perfectly straight on the inside ball. The tip is also straight, and if any perforations are desired on it they should be very small, but ultra-fashionable people will not have any at all, preferring a perfectly plain, rich-looking shoe. All of the light tan shoes are laced. The toes of these shoes are a shade broader than they were last year. These Russian leather boots are just the thing to put on the first of March, and to keep on for hack wear until the weather grows quite warm, and then the woman who knows how to dress her feet properly will change to a boot of Russian kid, which is just as durable as the Russian leather, but is softer and cooler to the foot.

Low shoes will be popular as the season advances, and slippers will be in vogue for home and evening wear.

Nature has her own best mode of doing everything, if we but keep our eyes and ears open.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Cyclones Do Not Daunt Them, Nor Torrid Weather Keep Them Away.

Question for general discussion during July:

What is the effect of inventions upon civilization?

All members are free to take part in this discussion; those in states having a president, sending their opinion to them; those in other states sending to this office.

Four new members presented themselves this morning: The Dude, Bessie, Dew-drop and Truth-seeker.

The freedom of the house was given them by Woodbine, Bonnie Burnie, Phrenologist, Morning Star, Lorraine, United Brethren, Sadie, Hazel Thornton, Blackbird, D. D. T., and Scarlet Wing.

Dew-drop:—The M. G. R. badges are 50 cents apiece; if you want to correspond with any of the members, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to this office, and any desired address will be forwarded to you.

Irene H.:—Badges are never sent C. O. D. If you want information concerning the Order, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to this office.

The Dude, Ga.:—"Good morning! I doff my cap and make my bow, and take my seat by Crossie. Black Eyes, I imagine, you are a regular stunner, but I can't sit by you; your eyes are a little too sharp.

"M. G. R.'s who think that choirs should consist of church members only, don't you think the act of singing sometimes converts people? It seems to me the music would not do me any good if I could not take part in it."

Bessie, Iowa:—"Shamrock speaks my thoughts in regard to flirtation, and concerning worldly people singing in church choirs.

Will say of Silver Republican's friend that if he has wasted some of his opportunities, he has embraced the most important, and should thank God that this is true. Take courage brother, and do not think that all young ladies who profess Christ, are cold and unfriendly. I would not try to control their friendship if they could not be sociable and meet me half way. Because a man is poor, and unknown to fame, he is not, in my estimation, debarred from good society."

Dew-drop, Ala.:—"Rose-bud, please tell me what harm can come from corresponding with a young man we know nothing of? I cannot understand where the danger lies."

Truth-seeker, Mo.:—"It has been said that 'great thoughts are a part of the Infinite.' If so, I think the Infinite is well represented in the M. G. R. department. May the efforts of the 'new woman' be crowned with success; of course the cold world will point the finger of scorn at her, but she is the product of intelligence and that is the only lever capable of raising the standard of our race. If she wants to vote, 'I am too much of a gentleman to say she shan't.'

"Min Williams, I think you had better reconsider and keep George Eliot in the course of literature; for by dropping her, you lose the grandest thoughts that ever emanated from the mind of woman. Truth and great thoughts, are meritorious, and the mind that produces them, should be lovingly remembered by us, whatever its belief on other subjects may have been."

Woodbine, Ark.:—"It is plain to be seen that Evelyn has yet to learn that: 'True politeness consists in saying the kindest thing, in the kindest way.' I am sure Isabel was only joking, and if that was not allowed in the M. G. R. what a dull set we should be! There was enough concentrated scorn in Evelyn's letter to frighten poor Isabel clear out of the Circle; I hope, however, she is not so timid and will come again. I know there are plenty belonging to the Circle who thought her 'great man' quite amusing, and not the least insulting to any one."

Bonnie Burnie, Mich.: "I agree with Make Haste that each one should try to fill acceptably their own station in life, and not try to fill that of any one else. Blushing Fifteen, unless we can write letters which are elevating and ennobling to both the writer and the recipient of the letter, I say, better let it alone. From experience I know that unless such is the case, no good is derived from corresponding with unknown gentlemen."

D. D. T., Kan.: "Did it ever strike any of you that no one is so wholly evil but there is a little good somewhere in his make-up? And since God is good, all good is God-like or of God, hence all are Christian (Christ-like, good or God-Like) in degree. Why then, if I have a good voice, and like to sing, may I not do so in a church choir, as well as in the kitchen, even though I do not call myself a Christian in the common acceptance of the term, nor belong to a society called a 'church.'

"How many have a collection of geological specimens, or of curies of any sort? If any, let us hear what you have, what you know about them, and all about them generally. I have quite a collection, and am much interested in things of that sort."

Hazel Thornton, Col.: "I am now in a lively little town in the heart of the Rockies. A crystal river flows through the valley, and the green hills are dotted with wild flowers, red, white and pink roses, columbines, violets and 'all lovely flowers that grow.'

"Last evening after Mr. S. went to the depot, which is three-fourths of a mile from the house, I read the M. G. R.'s and then went to bed, and was dreaming that N. E. Girl had donned bloomers and Pansy Blossom had fainted at the dreadful sight when I heard a tremendous pounding on the door.

"At first I was startled, but deciding that burglars would make less noise I summoned courage to ask what was wanted, and a man's voice answered: 'Here's a mess of trout Mrs. S for your breakfast,' as I heard his footsteps grow fainter in the distance I opened the door and brought in the pan of speckled beauties and went back to bed, but not to sleep.

"There are several burros in the neighborhood, and they gathered in our yard, presumably for a serenade, and their 'aw-ee-aw-ing' kept me awake until I heard my neighbor encouraging her dog to 'take 'em away,' then I slept!"

Phrenologist, Va.: "Virginia Rose almost put me to the blush by the adroit and facile manner in which she presented herself for admission. What is up now, Miss Peggy Short? I noticed you laughing as I came in; perhaps you thought it was De Plank instead of me, where is he? C. U. Later went afishing the other day over on Stony Fork, and will probably visit Crawfish Valley before returning home (?)

"Have any of the members ever studied phrenology? I am much interested in the science, have had a delineation of my character written out by one of my neighbors who is a professor of phrenology and would like to correspond on the subject."

Morning Star, Minn.:—"Did any of the M. G. R.'s attend the annual encampment of the Western Veterans, June 16-19, at Ortonville, Minn.? Governor Sheldon, of South Dakota, was present and delivered two very able orations, in one of which he gave us a short sketch of his life which was very interesting.

"And how many of you expect to attend the National Encampment of Hoteldiers at St. Paul? I hope to do so, and would be delighted to meet some of you. Let us wear our badges conspicuously so that we may recognize each other."

Lorraine, Ill.: "I think outsiders should be permitted to sing in the choir if they behave themselves, and church-members would do better to pray for unbelievers than to kick about their singing. I can not write on the June subject, but there are plenty of Illinois members who can, and why should our state not have the banner this time?"

United Brethren, O.: "Make Haste, you have changed your tune somewhat. You say you meant a woman educated in her place, but you said at first that you could not live with a woman one day and listen to her ignorant expressions, and how can a woman use proper language unless she is educated?

"Estelle, if you want to know who and what I am, you can get my address of the Chaperone, and write to me, and I will tell you all about my life and religion."

Blackbird, Kan.:—"No man, Make Haste, has the right to assign to any woman her life duty; that lies between herself and God. She shall say whether she shall be a lawyer, or a man's 'house angel'—not you.

"And another thing; a woman doesn't wish to be an angel in her home; she would rather be one in heaven; she will never be her husband's equal if he denies her her own free will, and mastering her for the home she will make; and never expect a woman to obey you; you will surely rue it.

"N. E. Girl, I think you had forgotten one grand, noble man when you denounced bachelors, J. G. Whittier has always been one of my ideals."

Sadie, Mo.:—"When girls form a society for not associating with boys who drink, smoke or swear, I think it quite right for the boys to refuse to have anything to do with girls who chew gum, etc. If we ignore them, how can we help them to a nobler and higher plane of living? Some boys might be reformed in this way, but others might go on in their dissipation, for lack of a little friendly help from us, until they became drunkards, and then would there not always be a lingering fond hope in our hearts that we might have lifted them up if we had tried a different plan?"

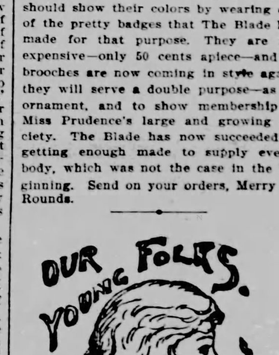
Scarlet Wing, Oregon:—"I agree with others that none but those who have experienced God's saving power in the heart, and can enter into the service with holy zeal, should lead our church choirs. The singing of sacred hymns is intended just as much as the preaching of the Word to move men to accept Christ, and may be made just as effective if those who conduct it are pure and holy men and women.

"Regarding unknown correspondents if the individual with whom you communicate is bad the danger is less in writing than in personal contact with him, because of the influence he is apt to exert in the latter case that is absent in the former; while if his character is good you cannot but be bettered by it, in either case."

The chaperone thinks Scarlet Wing has misunderstood the nature of this question. It was: Is there, or is there not, danger in corresponding with young men of whom we know nothing? Not—as he seems to argue—whether the danger was greater in corresponding with such persons or in becoming acquainted with them in some other manner.

The Badges.

Every member of the Merry Go Rounds should show their colors by wearing one of the pretty badges that The Blade had made for that purpose. They are not expensive—only 50 cents apiece—and as brooches are now coming in style again, they will serve a double purpose—as an ornament, and to show membership in Miss Prudence's large and growing society. The Blade has now succeeded in getting enough made to supply everybody, which was not the case in the beginning. Send on your orders, Merry Go Rounds.



A LULLABY.

In Sleepy Town
They think a night-cap worth a crown,
And there the law commandeth peace
And all good people take their ease,
A wise old owl, big-eyed and brown,
He is Lord Mayor of Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
The wheels are shod with eiderdown,
The pavements all are silk and wool;
The quiet there is beautiful:
A bumble-bee in gold-black gown
The beadle is in Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
Black shadows never fall or frown,
Nor do they feel the sunshine's glare;
But gentle twilight reigneth there,
While poppy scents blow up and down
The gardens fair of Sleepy Town.

For Sleepy Town
We'll mount a cloud of vapor brown,
We'll close our eyes and fold our hands
And call a wind from distant lands
O'er valley's rim and mountain's crown
We'll float away to Sleepy Town.

THE GRATEFUL MAN.

"Whoeffer Douches Dot Tog is a Teat Man!"

It was in a country where men go armed—or where they went armed—a dozen or more years ago, their revolvers and knives seeming as much a part of them as the quills are part of the porcupine. It was in the dining room of a frame frontier hotel. There was no plaster on the walls. There were no laths even between the stanchions. The boards which covered these stanchions on the outside were of the poorest quality of pine. Through numerous knot-holes the sunlight poured in on two sides, and on the other sides glimpses of the desert could be had through them. There was not a tree to be seen for miles in that barren region. The mercury was away above a hundred in the hot sand, an ordinary thermometer would hardly register. The pitch fairly fried out of the boards and ran down them. At the upper end of the dining room was a bar at which could be procured "tarantula juice," as the bad whisky of the region was called, and cigars which were as bad as the whisky and worse, if that were possible.

Those who sat at the tables and those who came and went to and from the bar, fairly bristled with weapons. There was not one of them who was not "handy with his gun." Their eyes were quick. They had an alert look, not unlike that which the robin has, hopping across the lawn, surrounded by half a dozen sparrows. When entering they took everything in the interior in at a glance. As soon as they saw that there was no enemy about, their eyes would rapidly observe whatever was unusual. Though I was not in clerical dress, I was cleanly shaven, and probably other marks about me, of which I was not aware, showed that I was a clergyman. Their eyes would rest on me. Then they would p

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

Summary of Its Work Day by Day—The Free Silver Platform.

Chicago, July 8.—The Democratic national convention was called to order yesterday by Harrity of Pennsylvania, chairman of the national committee. He then announced, as is always the case, the list of temporary officers, selected by the national committee. This was headed by the name of Senator David B. Hill, of New York, for temporary chairman.

This did not suit the freesilver crowd. They did not want Hill, who is a gold man. A motion was made by an Alabama delegate to substitute the name of Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia.

For two hours the oratorical gladiators of the opposing forces fought it out upon the platform. The silver men, most of whom had been for Hill in 1892, and who recalled the fact with evident pride, and who expressed great regret at the necessity which compelled them to take this course, contended that the election of a temporary chairman in harmony with the majority was of vital importance. The temper of the delegates was plainly apparent from the salvos with which they greeted these firm utterances. It was noticeable that neither side put its giants forward. When the vote came to be taken W. J. Stackhouse, one of the administration's federal officials in Iowa, in order to flaunt the divisions in the Boies delegation, challenged the vote of the state and uncovered seven gold votes. Mr. Haldeman did the same thing in Blackburn's delegation, and Mr. McKnight, a silver Michigan delegate, showed twelve silver votes in his delegation, which were locked by the unit rule. The roll call showed 556 votes for Daniels and 349 votes for Hill, practically the strength of the two sides. Although this did not show a two-thirds majority, the silver leaders display no anxiety on

SENATOR DANIEL,
Temporary Chairman of the Convention.

this score, as the Nebraska gold delegation of 24 will be unseated, and the representation from the territories will be increased from two to six each. The silver leaders in control carried through the remainder of the programme yesterday and when the several committees met silver was everywhere in control.

Assuming the gavel Senator Daniel paid graceful tribute to the fairness with which Harrity performed his duties.

The credentials committee was not ready to report when the session opened to-day, and a number of speeches were made by leading Democrats to fill in the time. Finally an adjournment was taken till 5 o'clock.

Chicago, July 8.—After a long discussion on divers topics from silver and tariff to woman's suffrage and pauper labor the work of the committee on resolutions was completed and a motion adopted authorizing the chairman of the committee to report the platform as agreed upon to the convention. The platform is as follows:

We, the Democrats of the United States in national convention assembled, do reaffirm our allegiance to those great essential principles of justice and liberty upon which our institutions are founded, and which the Democratic party has advocated from Jefferson's time to our own—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience, the preservation of personal rights, the equality of all citizens before the law, and the faithful observance of constitutional limitations.

Money System.

Recognizing that the money system is paramount to all others at this time, we invite attention to the fact that the federal consitution names silver and gold together as the money metals of the United States, and that the first coinage law passed by Congress under the constitution made the silver dollar the unit of value and admitted gold to free coinage at a ratio measured by the silver dollar unit.

We declare that the act of 1873 demonetizing silver without the knowledge or approval of the American people has resulted in the appreciation of gold and a corresponding fall in the prices of commodities produced by the people; a heavy increase in the burden of taxation and of all debts public and private; the enrichment of the money lending class at home and abroad; protection of industry and impoverishment of the people.

We are unalterably opposed to the single gold standard which has locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times. Gold monometallism is a British policy and its adoption has brought other nations into financial servitude to London. It is not only un-American, but anti-American, and it can be fastened on the United States only by the stifling of that indomitable spirit and love of liberty which reclaimed our political independence in 1776 and won it in the war of the revolution.

Free and Unlimited Coinage.

We demand free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private, and we favor such legislation as will prevent the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract.

We are opposed to the policy and practice of surrendering to the holders of the obligations of the United States the option reserved by law to the government of redeeming such obligations in either silver coin or gold coin.

Opposed to Bonds.

We are opposed to the issuing of interest bearing bonds of the United States in time of peace, and condemn the trafficking with banking syndicates who, in exchange for bonds and at an enormous profit to themselves, supply the federal treasury with gold to maintain the policy of gold monometallism.

Congress alone has the power to coin and issue money, and President Jackson declared that this power could not be delegated to corporations or individuals. We, therefore, demand that the power to issue notes to circulate as money be taken from the national banks, and that all paper money shall be issued directly by the Treasury department.

Tariff.

We hold that tariff duties should be levied for purposes of revenue, and that taxation should be limited by the needs of the government, honestly and economically administered. We denounce as disturbing to business the Republican threat to restore the McKinley law, which has been twice condemned by the people in national elections, and which, enacted under the false plea of protection to home industry, proved a prolific breeder of trusts and monopolies, enriched the few at the expense of the producers of the great American staples of access to their natural markets. Until the money question is settled, we are opposed to any agitation for further changes in our tariff laws, except such as are necessary to make the deficit in revenue caused by the adverse decision of the Supreme court on the income tax.

Income Tax.

There would be no deficit in the revenue but for the annulment by the Supreme court of a law passed by a Democratic Congress in strict pursuance of a uniform line of decisions of that court for nearly one hundred years, that court having sustained constitutional objections to its enactment which has been overruled by the able judges who had ever sat on that bench. We declare that it is the duty of Congress to use all the constitutional power which remains after that decision, or which may come from its reversal by the court as it may hereafter be constituted, so that the burdens of taxation may be equally and impartially laid to the end that wealth may bear its due proportion of the expenses of the government.

Immigration.

We hold that the most efficient way to protect American labor is to prevent the importation of foreign pauper labor to compete with it in the home market, and that

HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.
Democratic Nominee for President.

the value of the home market to our American farmers and artisans is greatly reduced by a vicious monetary system which depresses the prices of their products below the cost of production and thus deprives them of the means of satisfying their needs.

Talk Economy.

We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation and the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high, while the labor that pays them is unemployed and the products of the people's toil are depressed in price till they no longer repay the cost of production. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which best befits a Democratic government and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people.

Denounce Federal Interference.

We denounce arbitrary interference by federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions, and we especially object to government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the states and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges and executioners; and we approve the bill passed at the last session of the United States Senate and now pending in the House relative to contempts in federal courts and providing for trials by jury in certain cases of contempt.

Pacific Railroads.

No discrimination should be indulged by the government of the United States in favor of any of its debtors. We approve of the refusal of the Fifty-third Congress to pass the Pacific railroad funding bill and denounce the effort of the present Republican Congress to enact a similar measure.

Pensions.

Recognizing the just claims of deserving Union soldiers, we heartily endorse the rule of Commissioner Murphy that no names shall be arbitrarily dropped from the pension roll and the fact of enlistment and service shall be deemed conclusive evidence against disease or disability before enlistment.

Cuba.

We extend our sympathy to the people of Cuba in their heroic struggle for liberty and independence.

Civil Service.

We are opposed to life tenure in the public service. We favor appointments based upon merits, fixed terms of office, and such an administration of the civil service laws as will afford equal opportunities to all citizens of ascertained fitness.

No Third Terms.

We declare it to be the unwritten law of this republic, established by custom and usage of one hundred years and sanctioned by the examples of the greatest and wisest of those who founded and have maintained our government, that no man should be eligible for a third term of the Presidential office.

Confiding in the justice of our cause and the necessity of its success at the polls, we submit the foregoing declaration of principles and purposes to the considerate judgment of the American people. We invite the support of all citizens who approve them and who desire to have them made effective through legislation for the relief of the people and the restoration of the country's prosperity.

Chicago, July 9.—The committee on resolutions held a brief meeting this morning and agreed upon several amendments to the platform, the most important of which was the following substitute for the plank on bank issues:

"Congress alone has power to coin and issue money, and President Jackson declared that this power could not be delegated to corporations or to individuals. We, therefore, denounce the issuance of notes as money for national banks as in derogation of the constitution and we demand that all paper which is made legal tender for public and private debts, or which is receivable for dues to the United States shall be issued by the government of the United States and shall be redeemable in coin."

At the suggestion of ex-Senator Walsh and delegate Dwyer, the new committeeman from California, seconded by Mr. Holman of Maine, the following was added to the preamble:

"The constitution of the United States guarantees to every citizen the rights of civil and religious liberty. The Democratic party has always been the exponent of political liberty and religious freedom, and it renews its obligations and reaffirms its devotion to these fundamental principles of the constitution."

Congressman Bryan, forced the following plank before the committee on resolutions and it was adopted:

"We are in favor of the arbitration of differences between employer engaged in interstate commerce and their employes and recommend such legislation as is necessary to carry out this principle."

Chicago, July 9.—Following is the report of the minority of the committee on resolutions presented by Senator David B. Hill:

"To the Democratic National Convention:—Sixteen delegates, constituting the minority of the committee on resolutions, find many declarations in the report of the majority to which they cannot give assent. Some of these are wholly unnecessary. Some are ill-considered and ambiguously phrased—while others are extreme and revolutionary of the well recognized principles of the party. The minority content themselves with the general expression of their dissent without going into a specific statement of those objectionable features of the report of the majority.

"But upon the financial question, which engages at this time the chief share of public attention, the views of

ALLEN W. THURMAN.
This is How He Appears on Dress Parade.

the majority differ so fundamentally from what the minority regard as vital Democratic doctrine as to demand a distinct statement of what they hold to as the only just and true expression of Democratic faith upon this paramount issue, as follows, which is offered as a substitute for the financial planks in the majority report:

Favors Gold Standard.

"We declare our belief that the experiment on the part of the United States alone of free silver coinage and a change of the existing standard of value independently of the action of other great nations would not only imperil our finances, but would retard or entirely prevent the establishment of international bimetallism, to which the efforts of the government should be steadily directed. It would place this country at once upon a silver basis, impair contracts, disturb business, diminish the purchasing power of the wages of labor and inflict irreparable evils upon our nation's commerce and industry.

"Until international co-operation among leading nations for the free coinage of silver can be secured, we favor the rigid maintenance of the existing gold standard as essential to the preservation of our national credit, the redemption of our public pledges, and the keeping inviolate of our country's honor. We insist that all our paper and silver currency shall be kept absolutely at a parity with gold.

"The Democratic party is the party of hard money, and is opposed to legal tender paper money as a part of our permanent financial system, and we therefore favor the gradual retirement and cancellation of all United States notes and Treasury notes, under such legislative provisions as will prevent undue contraction. We demand that the national credit shall be resolutely maintained at all times and under all circumstances.

Administration Commended.

"The minority also feel that the report of the majority is defective in failing to make any recognition of the honesty, economy, courage and fidelity of the present Democratic administration, and they therefore offer the following declaration as an amendment to the majority report:

"We commend the honesty, economy, courage and fidelity of the present Democratic national administration.

(Signatures.)

"David B. Hill, New York; William F. Vilas, Wisconsin; George Gray, Delaware; John Prentiss Poe, Maryland; Irving W. Drew, New Hampshire; C. O. Holman, Maine; E. J. Harrell, Vermont; Lynde Harrison, Connecticut; David P. Baker, Rhode Island; Thomas A. C. Wendock, Michigan; James E. O'Brien, Minnesota; John E. Russell, Massachusetts; Robert E. Wright, Pennsylvania; William R. Steele, South Dakota; Allen A. McDermott, New Jersey; Charles D. Rogers, Alaska."

Hill's Amendments.

Senator Hill also offered the following amendments to the platform and moved their adoption:

"But it should be carefully provided by law at the same time that any change in the monetary standard should not apply to existing contracts."

"Our advocacy of the independent free coinage of silver being based on belief that such coinage will effect and maintain a parity between gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, we declare as a pledge of our sincerity that if such free coinage shall fail to effect such parity within one year from its enactment by law, such coinage shall thereupon be suspended."

SENATOR WHITE,
The California Man Who is Permanent Chairman.

Senator White, the permanent chairman appeared on the stage at 10:40. He wore a pink shirt and a gay blue string tie. He was so hoarse, however, that he could hardly speak above a whisper. An effort to produce a Boies demonstration when the Iowa delegation entered with a huge Boies banner, was a failure. At 10:52 Chairman White dropped the gavel. The indescribable buzz of thousands of voices gradually subsided and the delegates took their seats. While vacant spaces in the black pit marked off with almost definite accuracy the location of the New England delegations, which had not with the exception of a few stragglers as yet arrived. The New York delegation, headed by Whitney and Hill, were in their places. The bulky form of Bissell, of Buffalo, was, however, absent.

At 5 minutes before 11, Rev. Dr. Green, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., the Episcopalian clergyman who had made the opening prayer on yesterday, again rose for the same office. He prayed that the choice of the convention might be a man whose work would redound to the glory of his country and his God.

Senator White handed the gavel over to Congressman Richardson, of Tennessee, a tall slender man with black mustache and a scholarly stoop of the shoulders who announced that the committee on resolutions was ready to report, and called to the platform Senator Jones, of Arkansas, to make the committee's report. Senator Jones, who has been in the thickest of the silver fight since the forerunners of the convention began to assemble in Chicago, is a familiar figure to this convention. He looks like a soldier, and but for the fact that he was a soldier of the late Confederacy might be a strong Presidential possibility. He is a strong-faced man with a fierce silvery mustache and chin whiskers and white hair which fails to cover all of the top of his head. He adjusted a pair of gold bowed spectacles and began to read the financial plank of the platform which Col. Chas. H. Jones, the St. Louis journalist had written. The effect of the reading would have been greater had the Southern Senator controlled a stronger voice. The silver ranks raised a cheer when some of them heard the words "We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver," and one enthusiast demanded that the passage be re-read, which was done. Senator Jones declared that he was hoarse, and indeed his voice broke two or three times and nearly failed him. As the delegates could not hear much of the platform most of its points fell uncheered, but the denunciation of government by injunction, which is taken as an indirect approval of Governor Altgeld's course during the Chicago strike met with recognition.

When the plank expressing sympathy with Cuba had been read a flag of the new republic with blue and white stripes and a single star on a red field appeared in the aisle in front of the delegate's chairs and was carried along the aisle. It did not arouse the demonstration which the partisans of Cuba had hoped for, indeed the applause was very moderate and Mr. Richardson rapped on the desk and cried "Put down that flag," so it quickly sunk from sight. It was evidently a tired convention. The strain of the two preceding days of convention work and the earlier days of candidate making had worn out the rank and file as well as the generals. It seemed to be impossible to stir the concourse to enthusiasm.

Tillman's Fierce Tirade.

The issue was drawn. Senator Ben Tillman, of South Carolina mounted the stage to open the battle in behalf of free coinage. A striking figure he was, as he faced his audience. With no pretensions in dress, shabby-coated, wearing a heavy silver chain across his breast he instantly drew the eyes of the twenty thousand people present. They turned toward him as if he were an antagonist. His thickest commanding form was full of defiance. His head, thrown back was round and compact. The features strong and powerful were cast in a classical mould. The nose was straight, the lips thin and compressed, the jaw square and pugnacious but the sunken cavity which marked his left eye gave to his face a sinister expression. It was a face, once seen never to be forgotten. On one lapel of his coat he wore a Cuban flag on the other a pitchfork. One moment the 20,000 people held their breath as they gazed. Then they broke forth. Cheers, mingled with hisses, rent the air. Mr. Richardson, who was wielding the gavel with the aid of the assistant sergeants-at-arms quickly suppressed the demonstration.

His first sentence showed that he had a good, well-modulated voice but as he proceeded he pitched it in a key so shrill that it grated like a file. He was characteristic from the beginning. He realized that so far as the galleries were concerned he faced an audience which he felt was largely hostile. He introduced himself to them by saying that he came before them as he was not as "the lying newspapers had represented him to be."

A round of applause from the pit greeted this announcement but it was drowned in the storm of hisses from the galleries which were increased to a perfect whirlwind of sibilant sound as he added: "I came from a state which was the home of secession."

Senator Tillman turned defiantly and fiercely surveyed the vast congregation who were hissing him. Then with a contemptuous toss of his head he looked down at the silver delegates before him, his eye blazing, and said with a sneer; "There are only three things that hiss," said he with a curl of his thin lips, "a goose, a serpent and a man."

Raising his head and addressing the galleries he shouted that the man who hissed South Carolina forgot the history of the revolution when that state kept alive the fires of liberty. This provoked a wild demonstration from the silver men." South Carolina in 1860," he said, "led the fight in the Democratic party which disrupted it. Disrupted" he continued while the galleries hissed, "brought about the war and the war emancipated the black slaves.. "Now," he added, sweeping his arms through the air above his head, "we are leading the fight to emancipate the white slaves." This time the silver men had their inning but they did not applaud very lustily when he declared that with conditions reversed he was willing to again see the Democratic party disrupted.

Repeatedly, as he proceeded, the galleries hissed, and several times the sergeant-at-arms threatened to clear the galleries. The silver men had a chance to shout their approval when he declared that they were adopting a new declaration of independence, "16-1 or bust." The storm of hisses issued forth again when he repudiated the denial that this was a sectional issue. "I say it is a sectional issue," he cried, "and it will prevail."

After these pyrotechnical expressions so characteristic of the man, he drifted in to statistics to show the bondage of the South and West to the East, and these dry figures gave the hostile galleries another opportunity to cry him down.

"Time, time!" they shouted. This aroused the Senator again to angry resentment. He paced the platform like an enraged lion. "I know, I know," he cried, with arms aloft. "You are against us. There is not a paper in this city that is not in the power of the money influences. They will not give us a fair show. They characterize us as howling dervishes and silver fanatics." Many of the delegates crowded up the aisles and stood at the foot of the stage, studying intently the features of the remarkable man before them. Continuing, Senator Tillman declared that the only way to avert a revolution would be to select a man whose record would fit the platform. Soon the hissing began again at some radical utterance, and the South Carolinian took occasion to say that "four years ago the New York Senator was hissed as I am now."

"Where is New York now?" he asked. "Where is New York's leader?" And from the gallery came in the cry, "In the soup," which brought down a wave of cheers for Hill, topped with a foam of hisses.

Cheers for Hill.

Senator Hill ascended the platform amid a perfect storm of applause. He went to the platform, shook the hand of the presiding officer, and then, with a smile bowed his acknowledgements to the shouting, gesticulating crowd. Men were on their chairs waving handkerchiefs, flags and tossing hats in the air. The vast volume of sound ebbed and flowed, and would no sooner die away than it would be again taken up and echoed and re-echoed until the building rang.

"Three cheers for Hill!" came from the Massachusetts delegation, half of them on chairs, and it was given with a will, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the vast assemblage joining in the demonstration. When at last order was partially restored, Mr. Hill began calmly, but with a voice that readily reached the galleries. He said he would not atempt to follow or answer the Senator. "I can say to him," said Mr. Hill, "that I am a Democrat, but not a gold bug."

Again the demonstration broke forth, and lasted half a minute. South Carolina, with all its power, proscribed Mr. Hill, could not drive him out of the Democratic party. He came here on a mission to unite, not to divide; build up, not to destroy; to plan for victories, not to plot for defeat. New York made no apologies to South Carolina.

He gave a grave warning just before he concluded. "If this convention after declaring for free silver," he said, "nominates any candidate but one, your Populistic friends will nominate a ticket and your free silver friends will join hands with them."

"No, no," shouted a delegate.

"Ah," replied Mr. Hill quickly, "who is there in this convention to speak for this wing of the Republican party?"

This keen response set the gold men to cheering. The demonstration was renewed when, with an inclination of his head toward the little coterie of free silver bolters from the St. Louis convention grouped on the platform, he said: "I see on the platform a number of distinguished gentlemen who are counseling this policy. They never voted the Democratic ticket in their lives." He concluded with a plea for the integrity of the party.

"We want to build up the Democratic party," he said, "not tear it down. We love honor and the principles of Jefferson and Jackson, who were for hard money. If we are true to the old faith, if we stand by the traditional policy of the Democratic saints of the past we can win; if we put them aside we are lost."

The gold delegates climbed upon their chairs and joined the galleries in the demonstration in honor of their champion as he descended from the platform

Every man should read the offer of Thos. Slater on page 5 of this paper.

and resumed his seat in the New York delegation.

Chicago, July 11.—"The Silver Knight of the West," William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska., set the Democratic convention on fire Thursday with a speech which will be declaimed by the coming generation of schoolboy orators. It was followed by a demonstration which never will be forgotten by the 16,000 persons who witnessed it and participated therein.

Mr. Bryan's triumphant nomination may be attributed directly to this clever bit of oratory and for this reason, if for no other, it deserves a place in history.

Up to this time the convention had not been dull for want of effective oratory. The tearful and pleading Colonel Fellows, of New York, the fiery and impulsive Blackburn, of Kentucky, the forceful and aggressive Altgeld, of Illinois, and such famous orators as Bill, Russell, Waller and White had scored their triumphs and added new leaves to their laurel wreaths. But when compared to the impassioned oratory of the "Black Eagle of Nebraska," newly named "The Silver Knight of the West," the efforts were tame.

There was some applause when Mr. Bryan took the platform, but it did not equal in fervor the reception accorded Senator Hill. Senator Hill was given a storm of applause before he spoke; Bryan a cyclone of enthusiasm when he had concluded. The audience had not yet got the taste of Tillman out of its mouth and regarded the Nebraska orator with some suspicion. It must be understood that the great majority of the audience secured admission at the hands of the gold standard minority and was not in consonance with the sentiments uttered by Mr. Bryan. This makes his triumph all the more complete. When quiet had been restored by the chairman. Mr. Bryan spoke as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of this Convention:—I would be presumptuous indeed to present myself against the distinguished gentleman to whom you have listened, if this were but a measuring of ability, but this is not a contest among persons. The humblest citizen in all the land when clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the whole hosts of error that they can bring. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty, the cause of humanity. [Loud applause.]

"When this debate is concluded a motion will be made to lay upon the table the resolution offered in commendation of the administration. I shall object to bringing this down to a level of persons. The individual is but an atom; he is born, he acts, he dies, but principles are eternal, and this has been a contest of principle. Never before in the history of this country has there been witnessed such a contest as that through which we have passed. Never before in the history of American politics has a great issue been fought out as this issue has been by the voters themselves.

"On the 4th of March, 1895, a few Democrats, most of them members of Congress, issued an address to the Democrats of the nation asserting that the money question was the paramount issue of the hour; asserting also the right of a majority of the Democratic party to control the position of the party on this paramount issue; concluding with the request that all believers in free coinage of silver in the Democratic party should organize and take charge of and control the policy of the Democratic party.

"Three months later, at Memphis, an organization was perfected and the silver Democrats went forth openly and boldly and courageously proclaiming their belief, and declaring that if successful they would crystalize in a platform the declaration which they had made; and then began the conflict with a zeal approaching the zeal which inspired the Crusaders who followed Peter the Hermit. Our silver Democrats went forth from victory unto victory until they are assembled now, not to discuss, not to debate, but to enter upon the judgment rendered by the plain people of this country. [Applause.]

"In this contest brother has been arrayed against brother, and father against father. The warmest ties of love and acquaintance and association have been disregarded. Old leaders have been cast aside when they refused to give expression to the sentiments of those whom they would lead, and new leaders have sprung up to give direction to the cause of truth. [Cheers.] Thus has the contest been waged, and we have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever fastened upon the representatives of a people. We do not come as individuals. Why, as individuals we might have been glad to compliment the gentleman from New York [Senator Hill], but we knew that the people for whom we speak would never be willing to put him in a position where he could thwart the will of the Democratic party. [Cheers.] "I say it is not a question of persons—it is a question of principle—and it is not with gladness, my friends, that we find ourselves brought into a conflict with those who are now arrayed on the other side. The gentleman who just preceded me (Governor Russell) spoke of the old state of Massachusetts. Let me assure him that not one person in all this convention entertains the least hostility to the people of the state of Massachusetts. (Applause.) But we stand

HON. ARTHUR J. SEWALL.

Arthur J. Sewall, of Bath, Me., the Democratic nominee for Vice President, is 61 years old, but is rugged and well preserved and might pass for a man a decade younger. He prides himself on his descent from an old and honorable family—one of the oldest in America, in fact—and he points to a business career devoted to the maintenance of an industry in which America was supreme until the fortunes of war intervened to nearly destroy it. Following in the footsteps of his father, he has for many years been a successful shipbuilder and has striven to restore the United States to supremacy in that industry.

The first American ancestor of the Democratic nominee was John Sewall, who came from Coventry, England, in 1634, to take possession of a tract of land in Massachusetts granted him by the crown. This favor of the English king is pointed to as an evidence that this Sewall colonist must have been a man of consideration in the mother country. Mr. Sewall grew up among the scenes in the shipyards and the sea shore, and in due time was inducted into the mysteries of the shipbuilding business. His firm is now the owner of forty vessels turned out by its yards. It sails these vessels on its own account, and manages the carrying trade which they do. It enjoys the distinction of having built the first steel sailing vessel ever launched in America. She is called the Dirigo, which is the motto of the state of Maine.

Mr. Sewall's enterprises on land and sea prospered, and in the accumulation of wealth he sought means for its reinvestment, and engaged in many lines of business outside shipping. There is hardly a corporation in Sagadahoc county, Maine, of which he is not a stockholder and a director. He has long been interested in railroads, and has been president of the Maine Central and other lines. He is still a director in a number of railroads. He is at present the president of a national bank in Bath, and is, of course, one of the chief men of the city.

Mr. Sewall believes the demonetization of silver in 1873 was a financial mistake, and in spite of his wealth he has been an ardent advocate of free silver for the last four years. He has been prominent in politics for many years, but has never sought any political office. Several years ago he was the candidate of the Democratic members of the Maine legislature for United States Senator, but as there was no possibility of his election, the incident was little more than an acknowledgement of the indebtedness of his party, and a testimony of its admiration.

here representing people who are the equals before the law of the largest citizens in the state of Massachusetts. (Applause.)

"We come before us and tell us that we shall disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course. (Great applause and cheering.) We say to you that you have made too limited in its application the definition of business man. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer. (Continued cheering.)

"The attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis. The merchant at the cross roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York. The farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, begins in the spring and toils all summer, and by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of this country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the board of trade and bets upon the price of grain.

The sentiments of the speaker were cheered again and again and the galleries seemed to be a mass of white because of the handkerchiefs waving. The cheers were renewed again and again, and it was some minutes before Mr. Bryan could be heard. He proceeded as follows:

"The miners who go a thousand feet into the earth or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured in the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnates who in a back room corner the money of the world.

The free silver delegates at this point broke forth in tremendous cheers, standing on chairs and waving their hats and banners frantically. Order was finally restored, and Mr. Bryan continued:

"We come to speak for this broader class of business men. Ah, my friends, we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic coast; but those hardy pioneers who braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose—those pioneers away out there, rearing their children near to nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected schoolhouses for the education of their young and churches where they praise their Creator, and cemeteries where sleep the ashes of their dead—are as deserving of the consideration of this party as any people in this country. (Great applause.)

"It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest. We are fighting in the defense of our homes, our families and posterity. (Loud applause.) We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned. We have entreated and our entreaties have been disregarded. We have begged and they have mocked, and our calamity came.

"We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them! (Great applause and confusion in the silver delegations.)

"The gentleman from New York says that he will propose an amendment, providing that this change in the Dr law shall not affect contracts already made. Let me remind him that there is no intention of affecting those contracts which, according to the present laws, are made payable in gold. But if he means to say we cannot change our monetary system without protecting those who have loaned money before the change was made I want to ask him where, in law or in morals, he can find authority for not protecting the debtors when the act of 1873 was passed, but now insist that we must protect the creditor. He says he also wants to amend this law and provide that if we fail to maintain a parity within a year that we will then suspend the coinage of silver. We reply, that when we advocate a thing which we believe will be successful we are not compelled to raise a doubt as to our own sincerity by trying to show what we will do if we can.

"There is more reason for him to do that than for us to fail to maintain the parity. They have tried for thirty years—for thirty years—to secure an international agreement, and those are waiting for it most patiently and don't want it at all. ((Cheering, laughter, long continued.)

"The chairman rapped for order, and a pause of considerable length ensued before the speaker could proceed.

"Mr. Bryan (continuing) — Now, my friends, let me come to the great paramount issue. If they ask us here why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question I reply that if protection has slain its thousands the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us why we did not embody all these things in our platform, which we believe, we reply to them when we have restored the money of the constitution, all other necessary reforms will be possible, and that until that is done there is no reform that can be accomplished. (Cheering.) Why is it that within three months such a change has come over the sentiments of this country? Three months ago, when it was confidently asserted that those who believed in the gold standard would frame our platform and nominate our candidate, even the advocates of the gold standard did not think that we could elect a President; but they had good reason for the suspicion, because there is scarcely a state here to-day asking for the gold standard that is not within the absolute control of the Republican party. (Loud cheering.)

But note the change. Mr. McKinley was nominated at St. Louis upon a platform that declared for the maintenance of the gold standard until it should be changed into bi-metallism by an international agreement. Mr. McKinley was the most popular man among the Republicans and everybody three months ago in the Republican party prophesied his election. How is it to-day? Why that man who used to boast that he looked like Napoleon (laughter and cheers—that man shudders to-day when he thinks that he was nominated on the anniversary of the battle, of Waterloo.

"At the suggestion of a coincidence between McKinley's nomination and the fate of Napoleon the convention, in derision, showed their appreciation of the point by a yell and an uproar, which for twenty or thirty seconds prevented the speaker from proceeding. At length, when things calmed down a trifle, he resumed as follows:

"Not only that, but as he listens he can hear with ever-increasing distinctness the sound of the waves as they beat upon the lonely shores of St. Helena. (Cheers.) Why this change? Ah, my friends, is not the change evident to any one who will look at the matter? It is no private character, however pure, no personality, however great, that can protect from the avenging wrath of an indignant people the man who will either declare that he is in favor of fastening the gold standard upon this people, or who is willing to surrender the right of self-government and place legislative control in the hands of foreign potentates and powers. (Cheers.)

"My friends, we shall not be grossed—(the continued cheering made it impossible for the speaker to proceed; it was renewed as the chairman valnly and repeatedly rapped for order; finally Mr. Bryan, raising his voice, obtained silence long enough to say that he had only ten minutes left, and he asked the audience to let him occupy that time.) He then resumed:

"We go forth confident that we shall win. Why? Because upon the paramount issue in this campaign there is not a spot of ground upon which the enemy will dare to challenge battle. Why, if they will not make the gold standard the issue, we point to their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of a gold standard and substitute bimetallism. (Applause.)

"If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it? (Laughter and continued applause.) If the gold standard, and I might call your attention to the fact that some of the very people who are in this convention to-day and who tell you that we ought to declare in favor of international bimetallism and thereby declare that the gold standard is wrong, and that the principal of bimetallism is better, these very people four months ago were open and avowed advocates of the gold standard, telling us that we could not legislate two metals together, and that all the world, (Renewed applause and cheers.) I want to suggest this truth, That if the gold standard is a good thing we ought to declare in favor of it and not in favor of abandoning it; and if the gold standard is a bad thing, why should we wait until some other nations are willing to help us to let go? (Applause.) Here is the line of battle. We care not upon which issue they force the fight. We are prepared to meet them on either issues or both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilized people, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard, and both the parties this year are declaring against it. (Applause.)

"If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why, my friends, should we not have it? So if they come to meet us on that we can present the history of our Nation.

"More than that. We can tell them this, that they will search the pages of history in vain to find a single instance in which the common people of any land have ever declared themselves in favor of a gold standard. (Applause.) They can find where the holders of fixed investments have.

"Mr. Carlisle said in 1878 that this was a struggle between the idle holders of idle capital and the struggling masses who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country, and, my friends, it is simply a question that we shall decide, upon which side shall the Democratic party fight? Upon the side of the idle holders of idle capital or upon the side of the struggling masses? That is the question that the party must answer first, and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic party, as described by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses, who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic party. (Applause.)

"There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that if you just legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, that their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea has been that if you legislate to make those at the bottom prosperous their prosperity will find its way up and through every class and rest upon it. (Applause.)

"We come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard. I tell you that the great cities rest upon those broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in this country. (Loud applause.)

"My friends, we shall declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth (applause), and upon that issue we expect to carry every state in the Union. (Applause.) I shall not slander the fair state of Massachusetts nor the state of New York by saying that when its citizens are given a right to vote that this nation able to attend to its own business—I will not slander either one by saying that the people of those states will declare our helpless impotency as a nation to attend to our own finances.

"It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when only three millions, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other power on earth, shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to 70,000,000, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, it will never be the judgment that will be rendered by the people. We care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but we cannot have it till some nation helps us, we reply that instead of having a gold standard because we have restored bimetallism, but that we, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has. (Applause.) We are willing to meet issue on any battle field and defend the gold standard as a good thing or we shall fight them to the uttermost, having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world. Having behind us the commercial interests, the laboring interests and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them, you shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold."

Chicago, July 11.—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, the young, clear-featured orator from the plains of the Platte, swept the convention off its feet yesterday, and was nominated for President on the fifth ballot. Political history furnishes no precedent for the day's proceedings in the Coliseum, either as a great spectacular show, or as the result of the deliberations of the convention of a great political party.

Concluded On Next Page.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS
—AND—
DINNER SETS.

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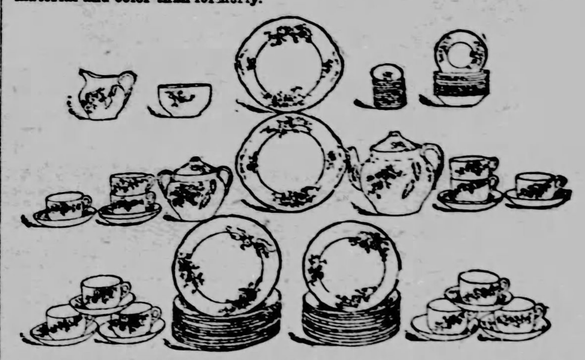
Eighty, Fifty-six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight pieces handsomely decorated in several colors and gold band. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration was reproduced from a photograph of our first 80-piece Tea Set. It gives a fair idea, but we now have later designs and shapes. Also, we give better material and color than formerly.



No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We call this set (like illustration above) Standard, because it is the same Tea Set we offered last year in connection with the Weekly Blade. We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over Five Thousand Sets. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $5.40 (former price $7); or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

**The No. 2 Tea Set, 56

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

Continued From Seventh Page.

Bryan is but 36 years old, younger by ten years than any man ever nominated for the chief magistracy of the American republic. He came like a young Lochinvar out of the West, which has never before nominated a Presidential candidate, to wo the bride for whose hand the country's greatest chieftains have been suitors. His name was barely mentioned in the preliminary skirmishing. Four days ago when the convention met he was not entered in the lists. But Thursday he made an impassioned speech and stirred the convention to frenzy by his eloquence. That speech overthrew the diligently organized work of weeks and months for other aspirants for the honor. The cause of silver was upermost in the minds of the delegates when they assembled here.

Thursday when Bryan made his speech the delegates suddenly saw in him the great advocate of their cause, and they turned to him with an impetuosity that nothing would balk. They wanted a tribune of the people. They felt that they had him in the eloquent young Nebraskan who set their imaginations on fire. The leaders who doubted the wisdom of nominating so young and so inexperienced a man tried to check the stampede by adjourning. They hoped a night's reflection would suffice. At the suggestion of adjournment there was rebellion. The motion was declared carried against a storm of opposition from the Bryan enthusiasts, who wanted to nominate their candidate at once. The night's reflection only made them more determined. Yesterday morning when the convention met to ballot, Bryan showed second on the first roll call. He had already overhauled Boies. Only Bland was ahead and it was a struggle for the Missouri farmer to get the 238 votes which he cast. The stampede began on the next ballot. On the fourth ballot Bryan took the lead, and Bland fell back hopelessly beaten. The nomination was made unanimous on the next ballot.

The support of the other candidates simply melted away and Bryan won without a struggle. There were 180 gold men who refused to vote. They declined to participate in the nomination on the platform which had been adopted. Pennsylvania alone of the gold states continued to participate in the proceedings. She cast her 64 votes for Gov. Pattison to the end. Most of the other gold men who voted cast their ballots also for Pattison, but there were scattering votes for Stevenson, Hill, Russell and Campbell.

On the fifth and last ballot, Kansas went over. Illinois and other states came tumbling along in her wake. When Ohio was reached Bryan had 446 votes of the 504 required to make a two-thirds majority of those voting. Chairman White had ruled that two-thirds of those voting constituted the two-thirds majority under the rule. Ohio hesitated. The Bryan men in the delegation demanded a poll of the vote. The friends of McLean saw that the end was in sight, and Mr. McLean himself mounted a chair. He withdrew his name as a candidate and cast the 46 votes of Ohio for Bryan. This gave him 492—12 less than enough to nominate. Montana changed her six votes to Bryan and Oklahoma Territory followed with her six. To the territory of Oklahoma, therefore belongs the honor of nominating the Democratic candidate for President in 1896 as to that of Arizona belonged the honor of four years ago. Of course the other states then scrambled over each other to get in line.

The night session of the convention adjourned almost immediately after convening, the leaders deciding that it was not advisable to go ahead with the nomination for Vice President.

Chicago, July 11.—The convention was very slow in assembling this morning. Although 10 o'clock was the hour fixed for assembling at 20 minutes after that hour there were not more than 100 delegates in the pit and the galleries were not half filled.

As the hands of the clock pointed at 11 Chairman White called the convention to order. There were only about 4,000 people in the Coliseum. More than half of the gold delegates were absent. Contrary to the usual custom the proceedings were not opened with prayer. A few routine announcements were made before the names of the Vice Presidentikal candidates were presented.

Quite a number of candidates were presented, the leading ones being Sibley of Pennsylvania, McLean of Ohio, Sewall of Maine, Bland, Blackburn, Boies, and Daniels. Five ballots were taken.

On the fifth ballot Sewall, of Maine, was nominated, his chief competitor being McLean, of Ohio.

Chicago, July 10.—Mr. Bryan received the announcement of his nomination with all the composure and calmness of a man who had been used to such things during a longer life than his. His handsome black eyes were perhaps slightly more dilated than ordinarily when the Associated Press bulletin carrying the nomination message was handed him, but otherwise he manifested no change of countenance or manner. He was at the time sitting chatting with two newspaper friends in his parlor at the Clifton House.

"If," said he, "this is true I want to do that which I have for some time had in contemplation in this emergency." He then turned to the parlor table and with a lead pencil wrote on a scrap of soft paper supplied by one of his newspaper visitors the following:

"To the American People:—In order that I may have no ambition but to discharge faithfully the duties of the office, I desire to announce that if elected President I shall under no circumstances be a candidate for re-election.

(Signed.) "W. J. BRYAN."

Chicago, July 11.—The following is the national Democratic committee, all the vacancies except one having been filled and this one (Missouri) will be filled to-day:

Alabama, H. D. Clayton; Arkansas, Thomas C. McRae; California, J. J. Dwyer; Colorado, Adair Wilson; Connecticut, Carlos French; Delaware, R. R. Kenney; Florida, Samuel Pascoe; Georgia, Clark Howell; Idaho, George Ainslee; Illinois, Thomas Gahan; Indiana, Thin G. Shanklin; Iowa, Charles A. Walsh; Kansas, J. G. Johnson; Kentucky, Urey Woodson; Louisiana, N. C. Blanchard; Maine, Seth C. Gordon; Maryland, Arthur P. Gordon; Massachusetts, John W. Corcoran; Michigan, F. G. Stevenson; Minnesota, B. W. Lawler; Mississippi, W. V. Sullivan; Missouri, to be chosen to-morrow; Montana, A. J. McHatton; Nebraska, W. H. Thompson; Nevada, E. P. Keating; New Hampshire, A. W. Sulloway; New Jersey, James Smith, jr.; New York, John C. Sheehan; North Carolina, Joseph Daniels; North Dakota, W. C. Lustikow; Ohio, John R. McLean; Oregon, J. Townsend; Pennsylvania, William F. Harrity; Rhode Island, Richard B. Comstock; South Carolina, Benjamin R. Tillman; South Dakota, James M. Wood; Tennessee, J. M. Head; Texas, J. G. Dudley; Utah, A. W. McCune; Vermont, R. B. Smalley; Virginia, P. J. Otey; Washington, Hugh C. Wallace; West Virginia, J. T. McGraw; Wisconsin, E. C. McCall; Wyoming, E. S. Holliday; Arizona, W. H. Burbage; District of Columbia, Lawrence Gardner; Indian Territory, Thomas Marcom; New Mexico, F. A. Manzanares; Oklahoma, White M. Grant; Alaska, C. D. Rogers.

BRYAN'S HISTORY.

Few Points On the Eloquent Democratic Candidate.

Chicago, July 11.—Mr. Bryan was born March 19, 1860, in Salem Ill. He was taught under his mother's care until he was 10 years old, when he went to the public school at Salem, which he attended for five years. At the age of 15, he went to the Whipple academy in Jacksonville, Ill., which is the preparatory department of the Illinois college located at the same place. He spent two years in the academy and four years in the college, taking a classical course. He represented his college in the interstate oratorical contest in 1880, and was class orator and valedictorian in 1881. He then went to the Union College of Law in Chicago, and while in attendance there was in the office of Lyman Trumbull. He left the law school June 18, 1883, and went to Jacksonville to practice law, remaining at Jacksonville till October, 1887, when he removed to Lincoln, Neb., going into partnership with A. R. Talbot, a classmate of the law school. He had taken part in political campaigns since 1880, and made a number of speeches. He took part in the campaign of 1888 in Nebraska, and was nominated to represent the First district in Congress in 1890. He was elected by a majority of 6,713, although his district had gone Republican by 3,400 when Secretary Morton had been defeated in 1888, and was thought to be certainly Republican. He supported Springer for speaker in the Fifty-second Congress, from whose district in Illinois he came originally.

This led to his being put on the ways and means committee in Congress of which Springer was the chairman, and on March 16, 1892, he made a tariff speech that was the sensation of the day and was liberally distributed as campaign literature. He was re-elected in 1892, in spite of the fact that the Legislature had redistricted the state and his district in the previous election had given the Republican ticket about 6,000 majority, and was re-elected by 140 votes. In the Fifty-third Congress he helped to frame the Wilson bill, being a member of the ways and means committee, and took an especially active part in the income tax provisions. At the close of the debate on the income tax in Congress replying to Bourke Cockran, August 16, 1893, at the special session, he delivered a three hours' speech against the repeal of the Sherman law, this speech being more largely circulated than the tariff speech had been. He also spoke in favor of the bill to coin the seignorage, and spoke against Carlisle's currency policy, also against Cleveland's gold contract with the Rothschilds. In 1894 he became a candidate for the United States Senate and announced that he would not be a candidate for the lower house of Congress. He was nominated for United States Senator in the Democratic convention, and the Populist candidate in his district was endorsed by the Democrats for the House of Representatives. The ensuing state Legislature being Republican, John M. Thurston was sent to the Senate, and the Republican candidate in his former Congressional district, J. B. Strode, was elected by 5,000 majority. During all three of the campaigns he challenged the opposing candidates to a debate and several discussions were held.

After his retirement from Congress he took up the practice of law in Lincoln again, but the silver campaign opening he found that the calls upon him for speeches and campaign work were so frequent that he was forced to give up his law practice. In September, 1894, he became the editor-in-chief of the Omaha World Herald, and had control of its editorial policy on state and national questions.

Mr. Bryan is a man of small means.

He was married October 1, 1884, to Mary Baird, of Perry, Ill., who attended the female academy in Jacksonville when he was in another school at the same place, and who graduated the same week that he did, and was also the valedictorian of her class. She studied law and was admitted to the bar without any idea of practicing, but simply to be more thoroughly companionable to him. She is a year or two younger than he. Three children have been born to them, Ruth, 10 years old; William J., jr., about 7, and Grace, 5 years old. Mr. Bryan is a Presbyterian having joined the Cumberland Presbyterian church at the age of 14. He is now a member of the First Presbyterian church of Lincoln.

His father was Silas L. Bryan, who was a circuit judge at the time of his son's birth, and served in that capacity from 1860 to 1872 on the bench of Illinois.

There is a noticeable absence of his boyish look seen in the pictures and lithographs which have been circulated. He is affable and kindly in manner, easily approachable and does not lack dignity. In appearance he is an illustration of the fact that some men are never accorded justice by a picture, which in his case does not prepare one for the expression of keenness shown in his face.

It is not only for Mr. Bryan's great gifts as a speaker that he is esteemed so highly by the people of his home. No taint has ever attached to his public or private acts. He neither smokes, chews, swears, nor drinks, and his language is pure.

Bryan's friends figure that he should be an influential factor with the Populists, since it was through his influencing that the Nebraska state convention, two years ago, endorsed Silas A. Holcomb, the Populist nominee for governor, and by virtue of the fusion defeated Thomas Majors, the candidate leading the Republican forces. He is the picture of health, mental, moral and physical. He stands about 5 feet 10 inches, weighs about 170, is a pronounced brunette, has a massive head, clean shaven face, an aquiline nose, large under jaw, square chin, a broad chest, large lustrous dark eyes and a mouth extending almost from ear to ear. Beneath his eyes is a prominent flesh which physiognomists say is indicative of fluency of language and which was one of the most striking features in the face of James G. Blaine.

Bryan neglects none of the accessories of oratory. Nature richly endowed him with rare grace. He is happy in attitude and pose. Mellifluous is the one word that most aptly describes his voice. It is strong enough to be heard by thousands. It is so modulated as not to vex the ear with monotony and can be stern and pathetic, fierce or gentle, serious or humorous, with the varying emotions of its master.

SOCIALISTIC TICKET.

C. H. Matchett and Matthew McGuire President and Vice-President.

New York, July 11.—While the Democratic convention in Chicago has been in turmoil and combat and straining to put forth candidates to run these United States, the Socialistic Labor party had quietly and in a business-like way selected its standard bearers and they are ready to plunge into the fight and take advantage of the valuable time which the Democrats are devoting to squabbling.

Of course there was a difference of opinion. The candidate for President of these United States was not selected without opposition. But on the first ballot he was elected yesterday. Charles H. Matchett, of Brooklyn, received 41 votes; Matthew Maguire, of Paterson, 23 votes; William Watkins, of Dayton, O., 4 votes, and George R. Peare, of St. Louis, received 1 vote. When the head of the ticket was selected Matthew Maguire was unanimously selected as the candidate for Vice President.

Mr. Matchett is a carpenter employed by the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company. He lives at No. 16 Smith street, Brooklyn. He once ran for mayor of Brooklyn on the Socialistic ticket and he received 4,600 votes. He was also a Socialistic candidate for governor in this state and a candidate for Vice President in the last campaign.

Matthew Maguire is known as the Socialistic Alderman of Paterson. He is a machinist by trade and has been identified with labor movements for many years. He is called the founder of the Central Labor Union in this city.

The Socialistic vote in the United States increased from 2,000 in 1888 to nearly 43,000 in 1895.

The Socialists are going to plunge into the campaign with vigor and enthusiasm. Their candidates are not handicapped. Matchett and Maguire are not the candidates of plutocrats, as is charged against McKinley, nor is there any question about their standing on gold and silver. They are not to meet new-made opposition in the East, as will the nominees of the Democratic convention. In fact, they have no embarassing entanglement at all. All they have to do is to fight and educate, and not explain and square things.

REV. CHARLES O. BROWN.

The Persecuted Minister Quits the Scene of His Troubles.

San Francisco, July 10.—Rev. C. O. Brown departed for Chicago last night with his family and will probably not return to the scene of his troubles. He may make Dubuque, Iowa, his old home, his headquarters in the future.

FRANK HURD DEAD.

Stricken With Apoplexy in the Prime of Life.

Hon. Frank H. Hurd died at his apartments at the Boody House at 8:13 a. m. to-day, of apoplexy. There were present at the time of death his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clarke, and Henry Curtis, a life long friend, all of Mt. Vernon. Mr. Hurd's former home and birthplace; also the attending physicians, Drs. VanPelt, Collamore, Reese and Thorn.

Hon. Frank H. Hurd enjoyed the distinction of being one of the most prominent characters in American politics, as well as one of the most learned jurists who ever practiced before the various high legal tribunals of this country. This distinction was borne modestly and without affectation. He has been a central figure in national affairs for many years; the personal friend of President Cleveland, the confidante of learned judges, the personal friend of rich and poor, high and low alike. He was a man of high culture, refined and sensitive in temperament, a consistent member of his chosen religious creed, a scholarly lawyer, an astute and conservative authority in matters politic. As a legal authority, none ranked with greater favor; as a counsel where great issues were at stake, no individual's opinions were more readily accepted as conclusive.

Mr. Hurd was born in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, December 25, 1840, and grduated from Kenyon College, Gambier, at the age of 17, with the highest honors of his class.

He had been somewhat indisposed in health for some time past. He had contemplated a trip up the lakes, and in fact had practically made such arrangements, when he was taken quite ill about eight days ago with an attack of bowel trouble, which confined him to his room the greater portion of the time, although he occasionally left his room to go to other portions of the building. He was visited regularly by his physician, Dr. Van Pelt, and no serious apprehensions as to his health were entertained until yesterday afternoon, when he was stricken with apoplexy. During the forenoon yesterday he walked about his room and chatted pleasantly with callers, expressing himself as much flattered by his apparently improved condition.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon he was visited by a recurrent attack, and Drs. Van Pelt, Macrum, Colamore, and Reese were promptly summoned. While his condition began to assume a decidedly critical aspect, the attending physicians entertained no belief that early dissolution was probable. Mr. Hurd rallied and conversed with those about him. But shortly before 11 o'clock he experienced a third and more severe attack, and it was then deemed advisable to notify his relatives at once. Telegrams were dispatched to his sister, Mrs. Clarke, a niece, Mrs. John Delano, and his life-long friend, Henry Curtis, all residents of Mt. Vernon. A reply was soon received from Mr. Curtis that Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and himself would arrive in this city at 6 o'clock this morning. Mr. Hurd, however, never rallied after the third attack, and was unconscious for several hours prior to the hour of death, not being able to recognize any one about him.

Frank Hurd read law in Mt. Vernon under the direction of Judge Hurd, his father, a jurist of recognized character and much learning. Shortly after his 21st birthday he was admitted to the practice of law, and was elected prosecuting attorney of Knox county in 1863. In 1866 he was elected to the Ohio state Senate, and two years later, while yet a very young man, was appointed to codify the criminal laws of the state. He came to Toledo in 1869. In 1872 he was nominated by the Democracy of this congressional district as their candidate, and although he ran many votes ahead of his ticket, was defeated by Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood, then a Republican. In 1874 he defeated Hon. James M. Ashley for the nomination for Congress in the Democratic convention, and defeated Pratt, the Republican candidate, by nearly 1,800 votes. In 1876, when again a candidate for Congress he was defeated by Hon. Jacob D. Cox. But in 1878 he defeated J. B. Luckey by nearly 1,900 votes. In 1880 he was defeated by Hon. J. M. Ritchie, and in 1882 defeated Charles A. King by nearly 1,100. In 1884 Mr. Hurd was defeated by Hon. Jacob Romeis, who had a meager plurality of 239 votes. The defeated candidate contested this election on the floor of the House of Representatives, but Mr. Romeis was declared elected and seated. In 1886 Hurd and Romeis were again opposing candidates for representative in Congress, the latter winning by a plurality of 1,486. In 1888 he was for the last time a candidate for Congressional honors, but was defeated in convention by Hon. W. R. Haynes, of Fremont, who was elected over Jacob Romeis, a candidate for the third term. It was a matter of current information that Samuel J. Tilden had slated him for a cabinet position in the memorable year of 1876. He had been invited by Mr. Tilden in the event of his election, to accept the attorney generalship portfolio.

During the past few years Mr. Hurd had studiously refrained from political affiliations, and devoted himself entirely to his practice at the bar.

DRUMMERS ABROAD.

What Our Merchants Must Do to Secure Foreign Trade.

Washington, July 10.—The state department representatives abroad, mainly those stationed at the European cities and centres of trade, are constantly in receipt of inquiries from business men at home regarding the methods of extending commerce. Reports are sent to the state department giving this advice, but somehow it is never followed, and the old, expensive and unproductive methods are pursued.

The department is in receipt of a long letter on this subject from William D. Warner, the United States consul at Cologne. His letter will be printed in a forthcoming number of the consular reports. He writes that he has many inquiries from those who export goods, and that nearly all complain of a lack of results, while more expensive and inferior material is bought, for instance, in English houses.

Mr. Warner says this is due principally to the fact that American business men rely almost entirely upon circulars. They plaster Germany with printed matter, all of which is ignored. The only way to engage trade is by direct negotiations, by personal work. He advises the sending to Germany of good agents, intelligent men acquainted with both the English and German languages. He warns Americans also not to stop with the stablishment of relations with German agents at the seaports, but to send men into the interior and sell direct to the merchants of German inland cities and towns.

Mr. Warner says he appreciates the cost of such a system, but he suggests that a number of firms might combine and secure the services of one agent, who should travel in their joint interest. He cites the experience of one American firm which followed this advice and sent an energetic agent out to solicit business. The result is that last year the agent took orders for $200,000 worth of the material he was selling.

SAVED GRANT'S LIFE.

William H. Gunn, Who Spoiled an Assassin's Aim, is Dead.

Cincinnati, July 8.—William H. Gunn died in Newport, Ky., Monday. He became famous nearly twenty years ago by saving General Grant from an assassin's bullet. This occurred on the day the General arrived at San Francisco from his tour around the world. Upon the arrival of the Tokio over 200,000 people were in waiting to welcome the General, and upon his reaching a point where an address was to be delivered, Gunn, who was close to Grant, saw the would-be assassin draw a revolver, and just as he was in the act of pointing it he struck the fellow's arm and knocked the weapon from his hand. Of late years Gunn had been a theatrical designer, and was the author of several plays.

DEMOCRATIC REVOLT.

Pill to Bitter for Democrats to Swallow.

Chicago, July 13.—The Chicago Chronicle, one of the bolting papers, speaks as follows of the great revolt in the ranks of Democracy: An overwhelming majority of the Democrats of the United States, through their leaders and newspapers, have repudiated the ticket and platform adopted by the Chicago convention last week. The movement in behalf of a ticket and platform which will be truly representative of the national Democracy will now be pushed with vigor. The feeling is wirespread that it would be little short of a crime for the party leaders to put the voters in a situation where, if they vote at all, they will be reduced to the necessity of choosing between McKinleyism and Populism. Democrats do not care to choose between these twin evils, and hence they demand that candidates shall be nominated and a platform promulgated which they can consistently support. This demand comes from every state of the Union, and it swells in volume and becomes more emphatic with every passing hour.

The special committee appointed at the conference of sound money Democrats held Friday night at the Richelieu hotel will to-day issue an address to the Democrats of the United States urging that anothed national convention be held. The address will declare that the candidates nominated and the declaration of principles agreed upon at last week's convention are not acceptable to the real Democrats of the country. In order to preserve the time honored principles of the party, as well as the party organization itself, it will be insisted that candidates be chosen and a platform adopted worthy of the support and confidence of Democrats.

It is thought that the convention will be called to meet in Chicago in the early part of September. In choosing delegates it will not be necessary to hold primaries in the various counties. They can be chosen at mass meetings to be held in the principal cities of each state. This plan was followed by the liberal Republicans in 1872 in selecting delegates to the convention which nominated Horace Greeley for President. In states where the sound money Democrats control th party organization the regular method of electing delegates could be observed, if it should be thought desirable, but in the West and South the mass-meeting system would appear to be the most feasible. Much time and money would be required to establish independent county organizations, which could be formed more easily after the ticket is nominated.

The Democrats hardly expect to elect the ticket which they will name this year, but the question of the success at the polls is not taken into consideration by the people who are demanding the nomination of Democratic candidates. They are controlled by loftier considerations. They wish to see the Democratic party preserved. They wish to vote for a Presidential candidate who represents Democratic principles, and they will no more accept Bryan than they will accept McKinley. The one is just as offensive as the other in the eyes of every man who is a Democrat, and who knows why he is a Democrat.

A Significant List.

In order to show the urgent necessity which exists for putting a third ticket into the field the following list of Democratic newspapers which decline to support the Bryan-Sewall combination has been compiled.

Austin, Tex., Statesman.
Boston Globe.
Boston Herald.
Boston Post.
Baltimore Sun.
Baltimore News.
Buffalo Courier.
Buffalo Inquirer.
Brooklyn Eagle.
Bennington, Vt., Reformer.
Chicago Chronicle.
Chicago Abendpost.
Chicago Staats-Zeitung.
Charleston, W. Va., News.
Chattanooga Times.
Dallas, Tex., News.
Davenport, Iowa, Democrat.
Detroit Free Press.
Elizabeth, N. J., Herald.
Easton, Pa., Express.
Fitchburg, Mass., Mail.
Galveston, Tex., News.
Holyoke, Mass., Free Press.
Hartford, Conn., Times.
Jersey City, N. J., Times.
Key West, Fla., Equator.
Key West, Fla., Democrat.
La Crosse, Wis., Chronicle.
Lewiston, Me., Sun.
Lexington, Ky., Herald.
Louisville Courier-Journal.
Louisville Times.
Louisville Post.
Louisville Anzeiger.
Lowell, Mass., Times.
Manchester, N. H. Union.
Milwaukee Journal.
Mobile Register.
Machias, Me., Union.
New York Evening Post.
New York Herald.
New York Irish-American.
New York World.
New Orleans States.
New York Staats-Zeitung.
New York Sun.
New York Times.
Nashville, Tenn., Banner.
New Haven, Conn., News.
New Haven, Conn., Register.
Philadelphia Record.
Philadelphia Times.
Providence, R. I., Journal.
Petersburg, Va., Index-Appeal.
Richmond, Va., Times.
Salem, Mass., News.
Sioux Falls, S. D., Argus-Leader.
St. Paul Globe.
St. Louis Anzeiger.
Springfield, Mass., Republican.
Syracuse Courier.
Syracuse Herald.
Sioux City, Iowa, Tribune.
Troy, N. Y., Press.
Trenton, N. J., Times.
Utica, N. Y., Observer.
Washington Post.
Washington Times.
Wilmington, Del., Every Evening.
Yonkers, N. Y., Gazette.

The above list is far from complete. As a matter of fact, there are in the entire country less than a score of Democratic journals of any influence which will have not repudiated the candidates nominated in this city last week. A few newspapers in the foregoing list will advocate the election of McKinley, but the great majority unite in the general demand that another convention be held and candidates chosen who will be thoroughly reperesentative of the great and ever-enduring principles of Democracy.

Thos. Slater has a message for every man on page 3. Don't fail to read it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SHOT AT FAURE.

Crank Attacks the Life of the Vice-Presndent.

Paris, July 14.—An attempt was made to assassinate President Faure to-day. The president had gone to Longcamps to review the troops. He had not sooner entered the field when a man in the crowd stepped forward and fired a revolver at him. The shot did not take effect. The would-be assassin was at once arrested. He declared that he had only fired a blank cartridge, and that he had no intention of killing the president.

When it became known in the crowd at Longcamps that the president had not been hurt by the pistol the greatest enthusiasm was manifest. Cheer after cheer was sent up and the people could scarcely be restrained by the guards from crowding about the place where the president and his suite were standing.

GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

The Dead Will Number More Than Fifty Thousand.

San Francisco, July 13.—The steamship Doric, arrived from Yokohama last night, brings news up to June 25:

Estimates of the loss of life from the great tidal wave reached as high as 50,000, and this number is believed to be far below the mark. The tidal wave was 80 feet in height, and swept inland a distance of two and a half miles along 200 miles of coast. Thousands of acres of land under cultivation were devastated and the inhabitants of the flooded districts are suffering from famine.

YELLOW FEVER IN CUBA.

Terrible Ravages in the Ranks of the Spaniards.

Key West, Fla., July 13.—Advices from Havana state that a panic prevails in the Spanish army in consequence of the terrible increase of yellow fever in the last few days. It is estimated that fully 40 per cent of the cases prove fatal. In Santiago De Cuba there are 4,500 soldiers in the hospitals.

Major General Linares is stricken and his life is despaired of. The physicians and nurses are utterly incapable of coping with the disease. The epidemic is also very serious all along the Trocha. In some cases entire companies have been stricken. Gen. Arelas and nearly every member of his staff are ill. Captain General Weyler has ordered the erection of new hospitals along the Trocha, and will send to Spain for additional physicians. In Baracoa, Holgran an other places in Eastern Cuba the fever is raging with great virulence and it is spreading to the Central points. From Matanzes come most distressing tales. In that city it is said the mortality is about 60 per cent and it is becoming difficult to bury the dead. The hospitals of Havana contain nearly six thousand patients, and every day the number is being increased. Friday 450 sick soldiers were brought in from Piar Del Rio province.

Eczema ON BABY

Grew Worse under Treatment of Best Physicians. Tried

CUTICURA REMEDIES

Great Change in Five Days and To-day is Entirely Cured.

My baby had Eczema in its worst form. One of the best physicians in the city attended her, but she continued to get worse all the time. He finally admitted he was at his wits' end. I then got CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in a few days noticed a great change in her condition. She continued to improve and to-day is entirely cured, has nice head of hair, and is lively and hearty. I spent considerable money for drugs and doctor's bills, which was useless. J. B. JACOBS, 2031 Wilkins Ave., Balt., Md.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor cures.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

"How to Cure Every Skin Humor," mailed free.

HAMMOND IN LONDON.

He Will Not Go Back to South Africa.

London, July 14.—Mr. John Hays Hammond, the American mining engineer, whose connection with the Johannesburg reform committee brought upon himself sentence of death, but was pardoned by President Kruger, is in this city, and has been interviewed by a London newspaper correspondent. Mr Hammond says that he will not return to Johannesburg. It is his present intention to remain in London for about six weeks and then to visit America with his wife. He will return to England and settle in London to take charge of the Gold Fields company's business. "I shall try," said Mr. Hammond, "to divert English capital to the United States."

Being questeioned on the subject of the Johannesburg raid, Mr. Hammond said "I shall not testify at the trial of Dr. Jameson unless Jameson should make the statement that it was the wish of the people of Johannesburg that he should come to rescue them. We on the reform committee repeatedly told Dr. Jameson repeatedly not to make the experiment as the reform movement did not want him. But I must decline to discuss the political situation in South Africa," Mr. Hammond continued. "I desire, however, to thank my friends in the United States for their kindness during the period of my imprisonment. I have had letters of sympathy from all parts of that country, including many from persons who were personally known to me." Mr. Hammond says that his health has been fully restored by the sea voyage from Cape Town to London.

CANADA'S NEW CABINET.

Government Personnel Under the Leadership of Laurier.

Ottawa, Ont., July 14.—The new government, under the leadership of Wilfrid Laurier, was sworn in at 3 o'clock yesterday. The personnel is as follows:

Laurier, premier and president of the council.
Cartwright, minister of trade and commerce.
Borden, militia.
Paterson, customs.
Sir Henry Joly, inland revenue.
Davies, marine and fisheries.
Tarte, public works.
Blair, railways.
Sir Oliver Mowat, justice.
Fielding, finance.
Scott, secretary of state.
Fisher, agriculture.
Mulock, postmaster general.
Fitzpatrick, solicitor general.
Dobell and Goffrion, ministers without portfolios.

It is considered one of the strongest governments ever formed since the confederation. It involves the resignation of three provincial premiers from their respective governments—Blair of New Brunswick, Fielding of Nova Scotia and Mowat of Ontario.

Parliament was prorogued yesterday to meet August 19. The date for the bye-elections for ministers was fixed. The nominations will take place July 30, and the elections a week later.

RAILWAY HORROR.

Twenty-Eight Lives Crushed Out in a Collision.

Logan, Ia., July 13.—A railway disaster in which twenty-eight lives were crushed out and many others were terribly injured occurred on the Northwestern road near this village Saturday evening. Only meagre details of the disaster could be sent to the outside world until long after the wreck had been cleared and the dead and injured taken from the scene of destruction.

An excursion train bearing a large party from Omaha crashed head on into a heavily loaded freight soon after having pulled out of Logan on the return trip. The engineer of the excursion train misunderstood his orders, having been instructed to remain on the siding until the freight had passed.

William Shaffer, the agent of the Northwestern at Logan saw the excursion train pulling upp. He was horrified to note that instead of slacking up at the switch the train was rapidly taking on more speed. He rushed down the platform and asking an employe if the special had pulled out and received an affirmative reply.

"Then God help them," said Shaffer, "they have pulled out without orders and No. 38 is due in a minute. But it was too late to avert the catastrophe, or to even attempt it. The excursionists were not yet out of sight when the crash came. Freight train No. 38 with a full head of steam one minute behind time, dashed around the curve at a forty mile an hour gate and no human power could avert the disaster. Two cars of the excursion train was telescoped.

The floor of the baggage car was wedged so tightly in the coach that all efforts to remove it were futile, although a thousand willing hands were joined in the attempt to lift the cover that was concealing the dead and imprisoning the injured in a living tomb. Finally an axe was procured and a section of the car floor cut away. The sight revealed was beyond the power of words to portray it. It appeared that the space in the car between the floor of the coach and the floor of the baggage car was packed with dead and dying humanity. Groans and agonizing appeals for help came from the injured and spurred the rescuers to their greatest efforts. As soon as a little space within was cleared the workers climbed inside the coach and the work of passing up the bodies of the dead and injured progressed more rapidly. Twenty-five dead bodies were taken out and laid in a row on the grass along the railroad track and the injured were at once taken in carriages to Logan.

In a very short time the appeal for help had been answered by all the physicians from Logan and then some system was introduced into the manner of carrying on the rescue work. Wagons and carriages were sent from Logan and the injured were brought here for treatment. The Lusk house, the new Moon building, the opera house and the Odd Fellow's hall were turned into emergency hospitals and the injured cared for as well as possible.

Then the dead were removed to the town undertaking establishment and laid out for identification. Twenty-five bodies were taken to that place. It was after midnight when the work was finally completed. Before daylight came the dead and injured were taken to another train and sent to Omaha.

BONDS IN SIGHT.

Another Issue is Likely to Come Soon.

Washington, July 14.—It is useless to conceal the fact that should the withdrawals of gold continue at the present ratc another bond issue will be necessary to sustain the credit of the government. While the administration has not expected to be able to pull through until March 4 without another sale of bonds, it did hope to defer the issue until late in the fall, or if possible to the first of next year. The influence of the free silver convention at Chicago and the general financial unrest created by the presence of the silver agitation is unquestionably having an effect on the reserve. The withdrawals yesterday were $675,300, of which $375,000 is for immediate exportation. The balance will probably be hoarded. This disposition to hoard gold has been notably apparent for several days. On Saturday nearly $125,000 was withdrawn for this purpose, and on the day before the withdrawals were nearly $1,000,000, a large part of which was to be kept in this country.

Reserve is Low.

The gold reserve to-day is $98 420,635. Though $100,000,000 is generally considered the limit of absolute safety, the reserve has gone much below that figure. In April, 1893, it first fell below the $100,000,000 mark, and that was the real beginning of the gold losses, which have been such a burden on the present administration. In February, 1894, when the first bond sale of $50,000,000 was made, the reserve had reached $65,000,000 in round numbers. In November, 1894, a second bond sale of $50,000,000 was made to replenish the reserve, which again fell to a dangerous point, the sum then being $61,000,000. The reserve, however, touched the lowest point in the history of the government about the middle of February, 1895, when it reached the alarming figure of $41,000,000. A bond issue of $62,000,000 at that time brought the reserve up to a point of safety again, but it gradually began a decline again as before, until February, 1896, when it reached $44,000,000, when the issue of $100,000,000 in bonds were sold.

FEARFUL WRECK.

Fatal Result of an Operator's Carelessness.

Chicago, July 13.—Five people were killed, three fatally injured and a score seriously hurt in a wreck on the Wisconsin Central road last night.

After an investigation the police arrested the following on the charge of criminal carelessness. They are locked up at Ogelsby: James Gram, engineer of excursion train; William Dolan, fireman on same engine. Mike O'Donnell, engineer of switch engine drawing freight train. James Meehan, fireman of same engine; J. V. Kniskern, operator, who, it is alleged, caused the fatality.

The chief blame for the accident is laid upon Kniskern who, it is charged, carelessly walked away without throwing back the switch, so that the picnic train could pass on the main track.

The wrecked train was the first section of a picnic which had been held at Schiller park, about twelve miles west of the city. The picnic was held under the auspices of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and fully three thousand people were in attendance. The first section consistd of thirteen cars, and left the park shortly after 8 o'clock for the return trip to the city.

All the cars were densely crowded, and many people were standing on the platforms of the cars. When the train reached Altenheim cemetery, ten miles from the city, it ran into a siding in front of the depot. The picnic train was not running at over ten miles an hour, and when it neared Altenheim, the switchmen at the depot opened the switch to transfer a freight train, and did not close it in time to prevent the picnic train from dashing on the siding where a train of empty coaches was standing waiting for a clear track in order that it might pull up to the picnic ground for a load of picnickers. The picnic train did not strike the train on the siding with great force, and in fact the engine of the picnic train was not damaged beyond a broken pilot. The force of the collision, however, was sufficient to jam the first coach up against the baggage car in such a way as to partially telescope it. The people who were killed were all standing on the platform of the first coach, and their lives were crushed out by the rear end of the baggage car. All of the seriously injured were in the first car, and none of the passengers in the other cars were badly injured, although some of them were bruised by being thrown against seats and to the floor of the cars.

The officials of the railroads did not notify the city police of the accident until three hours after it had occurred, and none of the dead or injured were brought to this city for over four hours after the accident.

PEANUTS TO GO DOWN.

Combination Breaks Up and Cut-Throat Competition Now in Order.

Norfolk, Va., July 14.The dissolution of the combination known as the Virginia Peanut association is announced, and the firms in the peanut trade will do business as separate concerns. The same concern went to pieces in January and until it was reunited a period of competition with ruinous prices prevailed. The association ran well until a month ago, when several members became satisfied with the scale of prices. Thursday the Columbian company, of this city, one of the most important members, declared its determination of withdrawing from the combine. Many other concerns also declared in favor of individual operation.

Competition will be of the cut-throat order hereafter, but in view of the present prospects of an extremely short crop, the dealers are confident of their ability to stem the tide without combination.

Good morning. Have you read Thos. Slater's offer for men on page 3?

A Large Size Shortage.

Pittsburg, July 8.—The city auditors have finished the examination of the books of ex-City Attorney Moreland and his assistant. House, and report $257,000 unaccounted for on the books. The examination was begun almost a year ago. The trial of Messrs. Moreland and House for misappropriation of city funds has been set for next Monday.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The most certain and safe Pain Remedy. Used according to directions cures the most violent attacks of Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus and all

Summer Complaints.

Price 50 cents per bottle, sold by all druggists.

Markets and Crops.

THE TRADE REVIEW.

The Convention Cuts a Big Figure in Business.

New York, July 11.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade to-day says:

With a political convention in progress directly antagonizing the position taken on the money question by the convention of last month, it is natural that there has been uncertainty about the future to intensify the dulness expected at this season. The wheat market advanced a little while other speculative markets were stagnant or slightly declined, but its small advance was mainly due to reports of the foreign crop and needs. There are many who believe that the decrease in yield this year has been underestimated, and part of the dispatches gathered by Dun's Review last week tends to support that view, though practically all the returns from what are now those chief wheat growing states were cheering. Less favorable accounts appear this week from Minnesota and Dakota. It is wise on both sides to remember that in spring wheat states which have this year to make up for some loss elsewhere, the crop will